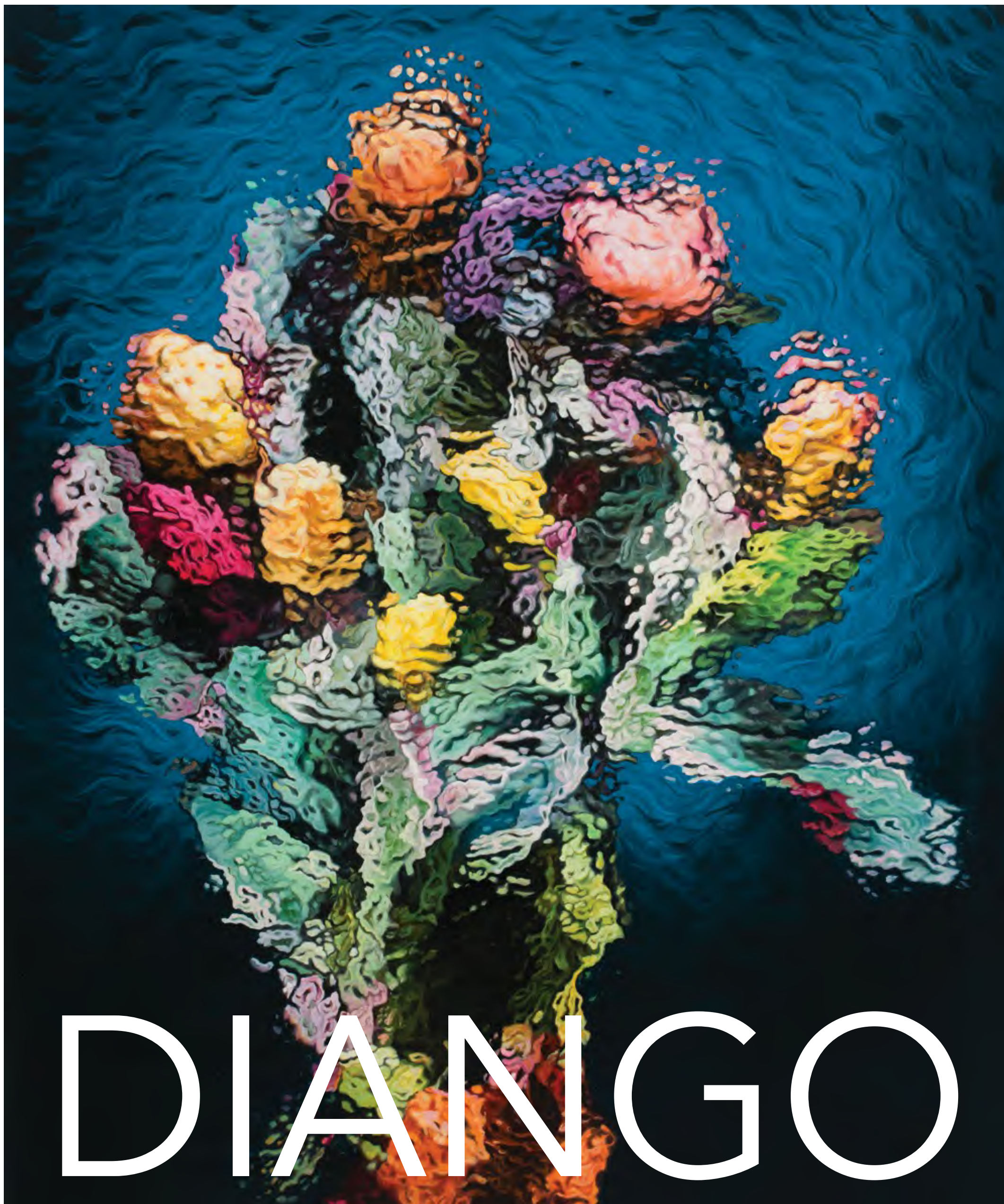




OLAISMO

RUE SAFFI
MILANO

Daniele Capra
Marcelo Morales
Omar-Pascual Castillo
Andrew Renton
Timotheus Vermeulen

OLAISMO

“A day will come when man will discover an alphabet in
the eyes of the chalcedonies, in the marking of the moth,
and will learn in astonishment that every spotted snail
has always been a poem.”

Alejo Carpentier, The lost steps

COLOPHON

Olaismo (Vol.I)

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Diango Hernández “Flores” 2023. Oil on canvas 180 x 140 cm (private collection)

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TEXTS

Now
you see waves
everywhere...

Waves that speak, gathering
themselves into narratives of their
own. As if learning to speak from
scratch.

What could you do to give form to a language of
your own? And for and to whom else?

You wonder if Diango's first waves came from some kind of
lonely place. Making space, bridging space. That is, the waves
were an attempt to translate oneself homewards. Or equally,
translate oneself from home abroad. Because home is
always elsewhere, and the water between one place
and another, those waves, that distance, is where
the waves began. The waves connect, and yet
they exist in a liminal space between one
place in another.

We called that first exhibition of
Wave paintings, The Book of
Waves. The invocation
of a book; an

impossible,
unknowable,
book. As if, already, there
was an infinite resource to
draw from.

The waves suggest the prospect of a
universal language. And yet it's a kind of
code, a private space where ideas and objects
and memories might reside. Diango's waves
offer an infinite realm of possibilities. There is no
end to what could be done with them. It's as if Diango
uncovered his own DNA markers, and every work builds upon
this inner structure. Sometimes gestural, sometimes more
systematic.

Upon reflection, after some years of thinking about
these waves, of watching their evolution, how
they've taken on a life and mobility of their
own, you come to think that they are a
reflection of your own relationship with
Diango and his work. Something to
do with the way that you knew
Diango long before you
knew him. Not only that
a work of artist

often
travels before
the artist who made
it. But that there was a
deferred encounter, while you
were negotiating those works. An
intimacy in the way that you've worked
together. We were friends before we were
friends. Before we met. The friendship was
sent ahead. Defined through objects and ideas
that made journeys, when Diango perhaps could
not. Incontrovertible messages which always reach
their destination, however circuitous the route. It meant, for
you, that Diango's work has always been in a state of becoming.
The sum of its journeys. An idea which travels ahead of you,
and leaves a trace after it has departed.

Briefly, you might have taken for granted that
the waves were language, or about language.
Or more specifically, about being written.
But that's only the surface of things. If
the waves constitute a new language,
they don't require translation
in themselves. Rather they
mark the very process of
translation. Waves
as

carriers
from one
language to another.
(It's tempting to talk about
floating signifiers here, but the
wordplay is too much.)

More than the process of mark-making, the
waves set up a simultaneous indebtedness to
a language that is permanently translating itself,
back and forth. In and out of a syntax of their own
making. (And as all translators know, a translation of a
translation leads you to places you might not recognise.)

Or waves as lens. Through which you see absolutely everything.
Everything is mediated. The lens is a filter and a
condenser of images. But the question remains
whether you look at, or through, the waves.
Both, of course. But Diango sets up the
problematics of where to look. It's an
important ambiguity, because this
enables not only a doubled vision,
where you perceive more than
one visual plane at a time,
but as a consequence
this liberates the
subject

NOW YOU SEE WAVES EVERYWHERE
Andrew Renton
London 2022

within
the visual
field. That is, you
might ask what is this image
about? Its subject? What does it
describe? It is less a question of the
configuring image and more the process
of configuration itself that matters.

But this is not to suggest that the very intimate
nature of the waves excludes the viewer. You can read
through the waves. Up to a point. Certainly, inherent
to the waves, there is the loss of any original
source. Always begging the question, can you return the word
or the image to its source once it has been translated into
waves? There is no return, and one could be tempted to
dwell on this in terms of the absence it proposes.
However, it is perhaps more useful to think of
the waves as a strategy for continuity. The
waves enable, on their own terms, in their
own language. They become their
own genre. Diango has created an
infinitely reconstituting space
where the waves lead into a
series of events within
his work. They're
always

there,
always at work.

Lately Diango has been
painting through waves in
another way. (There's always another
way.) If the first wave paintings were
a linear exposition of the language of
displacement, the new paintings offer the
possibilities of perspective, focusing and
deferring how you perceive the image.

Waves as blur; the politics of unseeing. There's a distance.
Diango understands this distance, which paradoxically only
emerges with the engagement and intimacy of the gaze.
Perhaps it's a clue to a type of melancholy which
weaves through the beauty. Somewhere on the way
to a figure taking shape, the image can never
quite be discerned, although you have the
uncanny feeling you've seen it, or heard
word of it, somewhere before.

You still see waves everywhere.

The artistic practice of Diango Hernández, born from design and the analysis of his cultural and political context, has been progressively directed towards the primary elements of space, form and color. Central to his poetics is the use of composition and visual rhythm originated by signs and color, which reveal an imagery charged with autobiographical elements. Even in the case of works in which formal aspects assume a fundamental role, the direct experiences lived by the artist or their memory are the main generative elements, without ever being in any way directly traceable or influencing the artist in a strict autobiographical way. To Hernández - that is a person with so much *life experience* - his works are the elements of a complex narrative of identity: in fact, conceptual, socio-political in which visual aspects are poetically recomposed, through a synthetic form endowed with an impalpable magical aura. This aspect allows us to grasp the numerous

articulations of the artist's research, which range with extreme freedom from sculpture to drawing, from installation to painting, yet with great technical precision with respect to the chosen medium and its expressive implications. The paintings of the *Waterfalls* series are the result of a first-hand experience of the artist, who, in a completely random way, finds himself observing an image through the old glass door of his house in Düsseldorf. Hernández is enraptured by this vision and by the deformed, unfaithful and yet reliable transcription that the wavy glass produces. He realizes how such simple artifice can be an instrument of wonder that can provide a magically altered version of the reality. He begins to look at other images through the glass and decides to make those unexpected *apparitions* into art works, into paintings. So he begins to paint what he sees, mimetically transferring on the canvas, thanks to oil colors, those deformed

visions. The resulting compositions are both allusive and elusive: in part they show the subject, making it understandable and manifest, in part they hide it not allowing to know it thoroughly. It is a sort of *speaking with silence*, made possible by the *fiction* of that simple semi-transparent glass that becomes, in Hernández's logic, not so much a simple filter that stands between us and the world, but a real instrument of *mise-en-scène* of reality, absolutely autonomous. The artist's aim is not so much to use a lens to obtain results that evoke other languages, as happened in pictorialism in which the photograph had to simulate painting, but rather to use corrugated glass as an unprecedented *camera obscura*, albeit anomalous and unfaithful, capable of selecting a slice of reality and making it surprisingly available to our gaze, thanks to its subsequent pictorial transcription. In other words, the process implemented by the Cuban artist does not aim to directly shape the result, making it

pleasant or seductive, but to enhance the intensity and poignancy of the original source. Hernández, in essence, does not focus on the final outcome, but acts retroactively by intensifying the force of the original content, in some way *enhancing it*. In the same way, however, the deformation produced takes the form of the wave, a conceptual element on which the artist has been working for some time and with renewed approaches. The wave is at the same time subject, logotype and interpretative instrument through which to observe the world. It is a real *point of observation*, completely self-subsistent, which guarantees a unique and, in some ways, totalizing perspective. But it is also an iconographic matrix, a general/abstract concept and a sentimental approach, a *reductio ad unum* and a measure of the visible. The wave, in Spanish “ola”, is the fundamental element with a vaguely modernist flavor, but in an open and vital key, with imaginative Caribbean freedom. It is an

ASPLASH OF SALT WATER
Daniele Capra
Venice 2022

example
of the possible
surreal reconstruction
of each image that painting
makes possible, in total
independence from reality and
its most rigid limitations. Hernández
deconstructs the perceived form to
recompose it as an imagined form, with subtle
lightness and lucid madness.
Classical painting and the subjects codified by
genres (in particular portraits, architectural views
of interiors and flower bouquets) are the primary subjects
of his works, even if there is no emphasis on the mimetic
representation of reality, that is, in wanting to resemble it in
some way. In fact, the artist takes the programmatic
freedom to *digress*, not to choose the shortest
path, but to move in the surroundings, dilating
the path with different strategies. It is a
dynamic that leads to a perceptive slowing
down of the spectator, who finds
himself in a condition similar to
the one who is looking at a text
that continuously oscillates,
as unstable as the
continuous flow
of the

waves.
In fact,
Hernández transforms
every observer into Italo
Calvino's Mr. Palomar (in the first
story of the book of the same name),
intent on catching the ripples of the
sea and their perpetual variations, since
“each wave is different from the other, even
if not immediately adjacent or successive; in
other words, there are some forms and sequences
that are repeated, though irregularly distributed in
space and time.” The eyes dance in an attempt to capture
the fixity of an instant, only to fail and start the game all over
again. It is a challenge in which painting is tickled by the
possible intertwining of lines and, in some respects,
the language of graphics. In this questioning
dance triggered by the Cuban artist, the viewer
is involved in a wild dance that lasts well
into the night. It is a continuous struggle
between the detail and the overall view,
between wanting to recognize and
having to imagine that detail
that has been eluded by the
painting, since in front of
Hernández's work
we are

naturally
led, like Mr.
Palomar, to “grasp all
its simultaneous components
without neglecting any of them.”
His painting is thus a kaleidoscope
that triggers the mystery of painting, in
a game of revelations, presences, tightrope
chases and silent *apparitions*. Like the
Cuban sea, which in winter in Havana breaks on
Malecón's wall, shattering into a spray of salt water
that covers the entire city with an impalpable veil that
perfumes the air.

To
Zygmunt
Bauman

Another look at our liquid times.

I.
The work of the artist Diango Hernández (Sancti Spiritus, Cuba, 1970), fluctuates since I first met him! in an attempt to transcribe, first objectually, then from the expansive language of installation close to the experiential, what made up the recycling practice of the culture of our native country around the idea of provisionality and improvisation as a study of anthropological cut of marked social nuance, and later, in his last production, focusing on the pictorial transcription of his appreciations about the culture that defines him, but this time, from the textual point of view, where the discursive has moved towards the poetic foundational. He speaks to us in a silent language, whispering of infinite waves in a very personal way of that which touches and affects him. Something that, to be sure, I believe is what every self-respecting artist

does, or at least pretends to do. Put this way, it seems a brief description, even simplistic, but in DH's case, this process has been arduous, laborious, obsessive, insistently committed and full of exceptional successes and flashes of lucidity in the Cuban art scene of the last thirty years, and even in the European -and therefore international- panorama of our days. Let's explain: Diango, because of his training as a designer, has an approach to art from the projectual point of view, which gives him the freedom to unfold himself in each project he faces as one who assumes a self-commission. That is to say, to a creative challenge, where he must reinvent himself, never repeat himself, knowing that in repetition lies much of the mechanism of construction of contemporary globalizing branding, Hernández, that claim of authorship, uses it as a game. As an exercise of personal improvement, before each creative utopia.

II.
His early works,

which we will baptize “Cuban” or “Havana”, produced between 1994 and 2003 with *Gabinete Ordo Amoris*, are loaded with a cumulative playful process of critical revision of the domestic object with the pretension of “sociological annotation” of the pre-industrial craftsmanship of the tropics, a look of “remaking the object” that questions the European *ready-made* in a territory where “nothing is really ready to use”, but everything must be revised, lest it fail, a social symptom of community survival not only Cuban -and this is important-2. Also proving, at that early age, that his ideo-aesthetic conception is closer to Jimmie Durham, David Hammons or Gabriel Orozco than to Marcel Duchamp. These works are followed by a work of adaptation to the new context3 and to the new situation of embarking on a solitary journey, which could well be defined as a moment of settlement and maturation. Years in which he prefers to investigate the weight of political discourse as a model of legitimization of a vintage aesthetic, reviewing the

proliferation of Oestalgia (nostalgia) as a symbolic anchor to a past idolized by those who believe that the past was better. Where it seems that the artist is all the time translating for us the residues left in his wake by the dictatorial states that annulled the experience of the subject, turning us all into a mere amalgam, a mass of broken furniture, fractured chairs or armchairs, hanging by threads, ectoplasmic fissures of an old house that continue to search for a sign4. So here, Diango frees himself and adds the sound, the documentary video art, the no-cinema, the objet-trouvé and the environment as part of his work, where he also adds fruits, often tropical, to sculptural elements that hold them as an offering, as a fragrant gift that provokes a synaesthetic experience. While preserving that initial precariousness in the use of the object that connects him with his beginnings, he certainly frees himself from that past because he focuses on the impact of trauma5. Something that connected him with the

THE TRANSCRIBER

An approximation to the work of

Diango Hernández... Five notes

Omar-Pascual Castillo

Paris 2021

1. To be exact, in the fall of 1995, when I was ready to become a Professor of Aesthetic Theory at the Higher Institute of Industrial Design in Havana (known as ISDI), I was introduced to him by Raúl Cordero, whom I had already known for some years, as one of ISDI's graduates, from his own class, possibly one of the best graduating classes of that institute.

2. Since the culture of pre-industrial recycling is typical throughout the Caribbean and South America, a diagnosis that Diango verified in his trips to Mexico, Costa Rica, Brazil, proving that Cuba is not the only one that recycles in this sense.

3. Between Italy and Germany, where he finally settled in Düsseldorf until today.

4. Humo (Waiting for a signal), 2008, is a work of his authorship of single-channel video art that I think is one of the best works I have seen that graphs this decadent dilettante reality that does not accept its downfall, a work where you hear a scene of a conversation that begins to heat up between two or more thinkers from Eastern Europe (the number is never specified) of men who smoke, discuss and smoke, and attack an old wooden radio with their cigarettes. A work where everything is suggested, nothing becomes literal, but literary, where these verbose dilettantes pretend to be sending “smoke signals” to their ancestors from a near present.

5. His striking and impeccable series Diamonds and Stones, digital photographs in which the artist replicates the images of the slides that were projected in schools in the countryside, as documentation of the indoctrinating socialist teaching system of the seventies-eighties, accompanied by an installation that chronologically describes the annual count of the duration of our “revolutionary history”, seems to me excellent, poetic and loaded with a post-minimal reductionist aesthetic. Series that I had the pleasure of exhibiting when I curated the Project Rooms at MIART Fair (2008), thanks to the courtesy of Federico Luger Gallery.

movement of revision of the “new European sculptural materiality”, a very Berlin symptom where the relational process of the spectator with the work is determinant, and also with a group of displaced artists, “dislocated” as Bárbaro Martínez-Ruiz calls them, who were also relocating in the Western context from an uprooting, I am talking about figures like Kader Attia, Meschac Gaba or Pascale Martine Tayou.

III. After twenty years behaving as an archaeologist of contemporaneity, a seeker of traces of humanity in the materiality and the patina of time of objects, with a certain predilection for wood as if he were looking for “something of the pre-modern” that survives among us in that junk, Diango Hernández began to realize in 2015 a project that from being initially an almost editorial idea ended up combining all his experience

and searches for the lost identities of the islander that he is, in *El libro de las Olas* (The Book of Waves). Deciding to abandon archaeology and become a stenographer, a transcriber. Seen from the outside it might seem a sudden leap, but it is not. In 2007 he exhibited a large group of drawings that he published under the label *Power Pencil*, published by the Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery in Trento, Italy, where the aqueous vertebrates the entire project, despite being argued in the purest drawing, and in the iconography of the pencil as a propping ark of our reality, the pencil as a lever, as a telephone pole, as a lamppost, as a cane, as a rod to support and raise our speaker; from there, Hernández’s fervent writing vocation -as drawing- became tacit⁶. He is a super prolific, tireless, inexhaustible draftsman. That is why the discovery of those “first waves”, crossing out the speeches, letters, key and foundational texts of our culture, did not come as a surprise to

me⁷. What better answer to that murmur than the murmur of the sea? What better music? Why not make the leap from three-dimensionality to planimetry (at first, later expanded to the sculptural and spatial), searching in that swell for the DNA that signs us? On this occasion, instead of as an archaeologist and symbolic restorer, as a contemporary amanuensis scribe with a mania for grandeur who crosses out and rewrites a palimpsest of oscillating, rhythmic, hypnotic harmony, as the sea does. The sea, the people of the coast would say. This finding comes naturally to me because I know that it is typical for artists in full mid carrier to inquire into their origins. It is almost an obligatory gesture, in all those I know and have studied or worked with, they always do it. They stop for a second to look at themselves in front of a mirror and say to themselves unequivocally, “This is me. Let’s go back there.” Diango did so by approaching what he knows best, words. Literature, poetry, history. And the sea, the water,

the overwhelming, sticky, cloying humidity. IV. It makes sense, because the artist researched for years on how domestic products, urban or office furniture, evidently produced by “industrial designers” marked our lives, our memories. Now it makes sense that he tries to look into what has marked his life and ours, Art and Writing. For this reason, he opts first of all for drawing and painting, because the dialogue is from Modernity. Ours, the Cuban Historical Modernist Vanguard, where the way to get in tune with the de-centering and fragmentation of the canon caused by the European Vanguard was read and made from the color and the neo-baroque fold, which so fascinated José Lezama Lima, Alejo Carpentier, Reynaldo Arenas or Severo Sarduy in the reconfiguration of our cultural landscape as a sign of identity. For that reason, DH flattens out, because he needs to converse -not discuss, but speak

6. In 2008 he made a book of drawings titled Húmedo, which in 2011 he exhibited in his New York gallery Alexander and Bonin, which already opened the symbolic door of the water seeker, the Caribbean dowsers. A drawing that I personally consider to be a “master key”, a “philosopher’s corner stone”.

7. I had already done it by looping a speech by Fidel Castro in a video art piece where the Castroist runrun castrated all possible sounds in front of two fallen poles, just as his words of yesteryear are fallen, now sounding distant, archaic, empty.

respectfully-
with the pre-
revolutionary Cuban
pictorial tradition, from the
gaze of one who faces the canvas
as a blank page. Mainly -from my
point of view- focusing on the work
of Amelia Pelaez and Rene Portocarrero,
as great paradigms to diversify by de-
constructing them, but without forgetting the
abstract *Aguas Territoriales* (Territorial Waters) of
Martinez Pedro⁸. Only now the artist is also familiar
with the post-minimal drifts of Jonathan Lasker's binnacle
tachonism, Peter Halley's prison confinement or Odili Donald
Odata's abstract landscapes from his native Africa. Or even, he
is aware of the quotable and baroque series *Una visita
al Museo de Arte Tropical* (A visit to the Museum
of Tropical Art) of the master Flavio Garcíandía,
who taught us a lot to re-look at Wifredo Lam.
To this end, Diango gestated a sort of
“instrumental glossary”, or rather
a “catalog of tools, brushes,
paintbrushes, spatulas or
palettes” (words of the artist),
just as a computer
program for graphic
creation

from
the Adobe
package works,
which to me is graphed
-never better said- as a
language, a tongue, a language of
its own. And I say “language” and not
“glossary”, because of the sophistication
-linguistically speaking- of the interstices
through which it operates, being capable
of infinite combinations, not necessarily as
juxtaposed model structures, but imbricated. Like
that knowledge which, when we talk about painting, we
label as “craft”, knowledge made practice. As if the artist were
executing an “inter-text” fractal (that “word” that was imposed
in the nineties) that allows him to “use” the mannerisms
of how he faces a portrait, a still life, a landscape,
or from the gaze and/or the teachings of others
(masters who have left their symbolic mark on
his aesthetic appreciations) to reinvent a
democratic and democratizing language
where modernity and contemporaneity
converge in the same non-
antagonistic territory, a territory where
the political is now
silenced, hidden by the
dexterity of his

hand,
forgetting the
suffering, the pain, the
bitterness and assuming the
present from another fraternity,
more grateful, happier, simply
and plainly; where the modernist and
spatial vision of Roberto Burle Marx's
landscaping is supported and at the same
time encapsulated in the sinuous and elusive
frame of Ettore Sottsass's *Ultra fragola* mirror, as
if it were reflected inside of it, as if it behaved as
the mirror through which to flee like *Alice in Wonderland*
to a universe where memory reconciles our dreams, and we
access with great ease, the ease that a waste of mastery, that
strangeness that overwhelms us when we know we are in
front of a work of art that overflows fullness, taking
us to a state of perpetual permutation, a holistic
state of sweaty perspiration, salivation that
gushes or blood that spills and becomes
planimetry. A place where the magic of
a sensual onanistic tedium occurs as
a revelation -perhaps animistic,
ancestral-, the result of a
meditative state that
emanates from a
mantra. With

the
exception that
this mantra, being
Caribbean, illuminates,
shines, bathes with tropical
light everything it touches, as well
as sensualizes everything that the
invading sound of our music touches.
Giving us the opportunity to enjoy or be
visual witnesses of a redemptive revenge
against the geo-political, from the imposition of
beauty as dogma, as ritual, as addimu⁹, as healing
balm to heal our wounds, our burdens and tares, our
insecurities that have nothing to do in a universe where
nothing is safe, everything moves and trembles. Oscillating
like the sea, like the waterfalls, like the dew, the water
in suspension made vapor, cloud, smoke, and then
spring that in front of a haven of peace rests
converted into a place to be appreciated,
enjoyed by and for all. That which today we
commonly call: ART.

V.
Likewise, artists close to him
such as the Brazilian-New
Yorker Assume Vivid
Astrofocuss finds

8. Three artists who perfectly matched their aesthetics to the practicality of the urbanism of the modernist architecture of Cuba in the forties and fifties, which Diango is very interested in as a space where art and the functionality of design coexist, a space that does not exist in today's Cuba; It was extirpated as a bourgeois feature of our flourishing national architecture, with the proletarianization of the bad taste of the Stalinist dictatorship of the peasantry, that everything that smelled of the city where beauty reigned, sounded rancid. In short, a crass mistake.

9. Offering of flowers and fruits in the Yoruba creeds that survive in the Afro-transatlantic culture that Cuba adores.

his
essence in
the carnival, or the
Venezuelan-Berliner Sol
Calero in the jungle and in the
vernacular, or the Malaga-born
Simón Zabell finds in his very flat
synthetic landscapes still prosaic in the
sense of being posed as exercises of visual
poetic prose, or Raúl Cordero (his friend and
contemporary) in the quantum and in the poetic
as incandescent luminosity that unites us, or María
Magdalena Campos-Pons in her sacred and ancestral
feminine Africanness, or Jorge Pardo in his Californian
tropicalism, where that same light becomes a thing, over and
over again. Diango Hernández prefers to return to the
retombeé of Severo Sarduy as an eternal maritime
symphony that bewitches us in an infinite echo.
To learn to live with the sea in our heads.
That is the goal. Imagining the sea will
always bring us a promising horizon.
Full of hope, making passes at itself
with color, light, brightness, neo-
baroque voluptuousness, and
that “state of peace” gives
it a buddha notion,
radiant with

universalistic
understanding.
As if the artist were
constantly searching for that
reverberation that confirms that
we are all water, or at least, in a very
high percentage, we are. As if the artist
were inviting us to imitate the laborious and
patient task of the famous “seated scribe” of
the Louvre, but, this time, with all the tools that
contemporary art provides us with today. Perhaps
because of his training as a designer, DH does not fall
into any technical puritanism, in fact, in addition to using all
the known techniques of artistic production, he mixes them,
intersperses them, puts them in dialogue complementing each
other.
A very clear case in this regard is his project
Instopia, where the artist “uses” the
effervescence of the social network
Instagram as a field of experimentation
and endless exposure, as a proposal to
launch ideas that creates a sense
of reality, or not, but in any case,
offers the necessary coverage
to expand visually.
Project from which
the artist

fictionalizes
(or promotes?):
stained glass windows,
curtains, textiles, scarves,
wall paintings, hanging mobiles
and monumental or outdoor
sculptures, drawing three-dimensionally
in three dimensions. All of them simulating
that swell so much his own. That vibration in
waves, that calm sea¹⁰. Only that he incorporates
the utopian difficulty of reminding us that what we
must transcribe is what vanishes from those waters,
what transmutes us into free spirits. And so maybe that water,
made art, will heal us, save us. As a kind of symbolic
ecumenical baptism made poetic waves, just as he himself is,
a generous man, a man who brings together efforts,
given to the complicity that in everything he does,
produces its own wave. That intimate symphony
that we islanders whisper daily -silently
longing for the sound of the water.

10. In this sense, I had the opportunity to enjoy his personal exhibition Marina in his Berlin gallery Barbara Thumm in 2016, and certainly as a spectator, you felt the sensation of body humidity, of marine horizon, of vision of the coast, as if you were presentially on a tropical Caribbean beach.

When the beaches reopened after the COVID-19 peak, I went to the seaside for the first time in a long time. To my surprise, they had built a hotel. The country had almost completely stopped, but not the construction of hotels. The shadow it cast, covered the part of the coast where I used to bathe.

- There is a beach in South America that has lost its sun, I told my girlfriend. After two o'clock in the afternoon the beach is in shadow, now it is the beach that lost the sun.

- Where is it, in which country?

- I don't know, Uruguay maybe, Argentina, Punta del Este, Bariloche, maybe it's in Brazil, I don't remember. At least here the architects respected the gesture of the wave, the hotel looks like a Diango, doesn't it?

This was not an isolated thought; for some time now, every time I saw undulating forms applied to architecture, I was reminded of Diango's work.

Although COVID-19 is not the first



Edificio de Apartamentos, Calle N, entre 23 y 25, Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González



Hotel 3ra y 70, vista desde calle Primera, Miramar, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

epidemic to hit Havana, I do believe it is the first time in history that access to the sea has been forbidden. I am not the most marine of the Havana people, sometimes I just went and took pictures of the sea, like an obese person who goes on a diet and smells the food, or an alcoholic who smells the drinks. The fact that the design of the hotel reminded me of the shape of the wave made it easier for me to bear the fact that the coast had lost a strip of sun.

It is very difficult to understand what Havana is without knowing what it was, in its beginnings, one of the great ports of the New World, without understanding the cosmopolitanism that the Fleet of the Indies once brought to the city. To prevent the ships from sailing the Atlantic full of precious metals and defenceless, the Spanish Crown concentrated its fleet in Havana, you only had to get on the Gulf Stream, which is a kind of underwater river that connects us with Europe. Hundreds of sailors gathered here to wait for the rest of



Mosaico (Luis Martínez Pedro), Calle 23, (La Rampa), Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

the ships, turning the city into one of the most important ports and shipyards in the New World. And, in turn, one of the most debauched, dangerous and cosmopolitan cities in Latin America. The harbour culture gradually penetrated the speech, Cubans today are not very aware of that. A few words in Cuba are more vulgar than *Singar* (the act of making love), however, it has an extraordinary beauty. It refers to the act of putting the oar in the water like a gondolier and moving forward creating tiny waves. Years ago, talking to a Brazilian woman on this subject, she told me that in some Brazilian harbour they used a similar metaphor: *to make the tide*, two bodies undulating synchronically. *Go to hell, Save yourself by the skin of your teeth* or *Throw a rope*, are some of the expressions we use every day without knowing that they come from seafaring. The very Cuban *clave*, so significant in the musical culture, is nothing more than the rhythm that was marked in the shipyards to keep the work pace.

THE GESTURE OF THE WAVE

Marcelo Morales

Havana 2021



Lobby del Café Teatro Bertolt Brecht, Calle 13, esquina I. Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

When the plundering in America ended and the Fleet disappeared, we turned our backs to the sea, the economy went inland, almost the whole island became that concentration camp that was the slave sugar cane plantation. Food became dry, storable. From eating fresh fish we went to eating rice, beans, salted meats and, if fish was eaten, it was salted and from cold waters.

The problem with denying the sea is that the sea constantly reminds you of its presence. If it's not the sea, it's the humidity or the saltpetre, which you can't see, but it floats, sticks to your skin and lips, corrodes, stains. Years ago, I went with Diango on one of his stays in Havana to the studio of a Norwegian painter, an extraordinary, minimalist painter. The Norwegian had painted the walls of his studio white, painted some monochromes and planted some cactus on the balcony. A month later, the walls and the pictures stuck to the walls had become stained and damp. The pots

of the cactus on the balcony were full of malangas. The minimal in the tropics was, in short, an exuberant minimal. In those days, I was kicking around some ideas for writing about Diango's art. That afternoon, as we were leaving the Norwegian's studio, I thought that something similar had happened to Diango, but on the contrary, Diango's minimal was in a single gesture, the repeated gesture of the wave, he had condensed the sea into a gesture. However, he had not denied the sea, the rhythm, the colours.

Diango returned to Cuba to exhibit with the reputation of being one of the few Cuban artists who had been able to make an international career without the nickname of Cuban artist. One of those nights we were in a bar in Havana, coming from an exhibition of Carlos Garaicoa at Galería Continua. The gallery had organised a party in one of those Havana's penthouses with a swimming pool in *El Vedado* neighbourhood that are in front of the



Circulo Social Obrero Félix Elmusa (El Náutico), Miramar, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González



Detalles de balcón, edificio Nueve 406, 9na entre G y F (Escultora: Rita Longa), Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

U.S. Embassy. We were talking about a thousand things, because Diango is a guy with an incredible conversation. At one point I told him something like I was impressed by what he had been able to do with a single gesture, I confessed that at first I didn't think he could take it much further. - They are not waves, he told me, they are undulations. I didn't start that by drawing the sea or its waves, for me it had another connotation. They were radio waves.

-What do you mean, radio waves? Where did that idea come from?
- If you look, they connect. If you look carefully, it has to do with the sea as well. I started remembering how we used to go up to the roof with an FM radio to try to tune-in the stations coming from abroad, outside the island, the capitalist world. And it was not easy, we would climb up to the rooftop like five friends with notebooks to try to tune-in



Edificio Solimar, vista desde San Lázaro, San Lázaro esquina Soledad, Centro Habana, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

the FM and copy the hit parade and try to even copy the songs in English, imagine, all that by hand, a brutal exercise. - Was it the WIFI of the time? -Of course, it was the WIFI of the time, the connection to the world. That night, I remember it well, Diango had left early because the next day he was opening his exhibition at Arsenal Habana, the first he had done in Cuba for a long time. I had stayed there in the penthouse with my friend Dani Moreira, I remember we were talking about how strange it was for us to see the American flag undulating at the embassy. Dani lived in England, came to Cuba from time to time and had an advertising agency. He would squint when he drank, or when he got excited, I haven't seen that kind of squint in any other person. That night Dani was very drunk and he had that floating eye. - Do you know what is wrong with you Cubans? (You think this island is a continent, you think you are a continent that is close to Latin America and close to the



Vista desde Av. Malecón a Parque Martí, Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González



Fragmento de acera, Esquina de Águila y San Rafael, Centro Habana, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

United States, none of you feel anything other than being Cuban. Look, I was coming on the plane and I was looking down and I saw the island... A fucking island in the middle of the sea! That's what you are, nothing else. You're like a little Pekingese dog that thinks it's bigger than it is and keeps barking at everyone... Napoleon complex. Do you know the most underdeveloped thing about Cuban art? Narrativity, the whole Cuban art is narrative, including you. Everybody wants to have a great story behind it. Diango knows what color to put next to another and that's it, it looks great, orange goes well with blue, he knows how to do it, he knows how to compose, he is an artist who also studied design. All that about the wave of color and the wave of light and the radio waves and Blinky Palermo and the Düsseldorf school and Sigmar Polke and Keith Haring and the *Territorial Waters* of Martínez Pedro and the wateriness of Amelia Peláez and all those references that people look for, the seriality of design...



Exteriores, Parque Martí, acera y fuente, Av. G. esquina Malecón, Vista desde calle G. Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González



Casa Timothy James Ennis, arquitecto Ricardo Porro. Av. del Bosque, Nuevo Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

“muela”.
 Diango is different because he is not narrative, he is not afraid of not narrating. He is not afraid of the unbearable lightness of not being.
 Dani closed the lid of the squinted eye, I remember Dani had a huge glass full of gin and tonic on the rocks, the few people who were left made a little train with similar glasses in their hands. At that hour it all seemed very pathetic.
 -Muela, Napoleon's complex, a fucking island in the middle of the sea, and already, nothing more, he has succeeded because he has known how to do it. He doesn't have the fear that Cuban artists have of not being deep, political, of not having a hidden thought, a “Freudian” truth.
 I never wrote that text about Diango, the catalog I was thinking of writing it for didn't come out, he gave an interview where he mentioned the radio waves. Everything I wanted to write, had fallen to the ground in front of Dani Moreira's legendary pragmatism. I don't know how much time had passed, but I remember that Daniago and

Dani had already returned, one to Germany and the other to England. I had just finished making the dishes, and because our brain does trick us sometimes, I was remembering Diango's words about his work while making the dishes. There was something in Diango's work that was very familiar to me, something that could not be explained by the radio waves alone, something that went beyond Dani's pragmatic discourse. I went out to the balcony, looked towards the courtyard of my building and I had what could be catalogued as a revelation: my mental city, which is the strip of the city where one has mostly moved, was full of Diangos, full with hidden waves, full of secret watery undulations, full of the sea that, although it was not denied, it was not fully exhibited, not fully embraced either.
 There, in the center of my courtyard, was the gesture of the wave. It was in the broken sidewalks of *San Rafael Boulevard*, in *Neptuno*, in *Martí Park*, inside the *Bertolt Brecht Café-Theatre*, in the balconies of

the buildings, in the arches of the *Nautical Club*, in the walls of the convents full of corals, in the houses of modernist architecture. My childhood mental city was the same mental city of Diango. Dani Moreira was right, my underdevelopment was always looking for a hidden truth, a cafeteria's *Freud*. The gesture of the wave was for me Diango's *Strawberry fields forever*, or better, *Citizen Kane's Rosebud*. Since then I have this professional malformation, I go looking for the wave gesture in the city, the hidden Diangos.



Patio interior edificio, Línea 207 entre J y K, Vedado, La Habana
(Marcelo Morales' backyard) Foto: Alejandro González



Cine La Rampa, N y 23, Vedado, La Habana
Foto: Alejandro González

This is me, age 6. It's the middle of July, 1989. I am at Kijkduin beach, on the outskirts of the Hague. I am sitting on a towel. I'm small for my age; sinewy. I've got a buzz cut, courtesy of my mom's skills and my dad's electric razor. My face is freckly. Eyes pinched. I am wearing swimming trunks – I think knock-off speedos – and a cotton t-shirt, which feels like sandpaper on my sunburnt shoulders. I'm watching other kids play in the grey, muddy North Sea surf. They're digging up blubbery jellyfish. "Why don't you join them?", my mother says, encouragingly but to my ears beratingly. "We came all the way. You might as well go in." I don't say anything. I keep watching the other kids: they seem happy, unconcerned, unafraid. Here I am some twenty years later. It's the summer of 2006. I am at Isla Mujeres, a small touristy island off the Yucatan coast. I am sitting on a towel. I'm taller now, but not by much. I've got a shaggy mop top, a result of tight accounts and an unfortunate era of pop music fashion. I'm wearing

glasses. Shorts, not speedos. My shoulders: burnt, grating against the fabric of my shirt. The person I'm with is out swimming: 20, 30, then 50 meters out into the open, deep blue sea. She is happy, not worried in the slightest. I shiver. To say that I am nervous around waves isn't true. Not exactly. I don't mind waves in a pool. Or rippling waves in shallow, transparent natural waters. I find them comforting, in fact. What makes me nervous is what waves obscure (1) at the precise moment that they might (3) roll or wash (4) it (2) over me: blubbery jellyfish, fiery-red jellyfish, sharp-toothed fish, sea monsters. Anything, really: the contingent, the known unknown. In other words, what frightens me – and though it's been a while since I read the classics of psychoanalysis, to my mind this is the most accurate description of our everyday fears (like monsters in the staircase or under our bed, plane crashes, survival trips, etc) there is – is an oscillation between the hidden (1), the

uncontrolled and unpredictable (2), the conditional or contingent (3), and the speed or violence (4) of the interaction. There's also the fact I am not a skilled swimmer: in water I feel out of water (5), aware immediately that we have evolved to be land creatures, that the ocean is alien to me. Every single time I wade into the ocean, I worry about what dirty secret the wave might wash in. I am sure there are plethora of psychological and psycho-social reasons for my discomfort with waves. My mom warned me to watch out for jellyfish (2) the very first time I entered the North Sea at Scheveningen. And though she encouraged me to go play, I don't think I ever saw her swim a round in the sea. It's sociological, too: I grew up not far from Kijkduin, in Schiedam, a blue-collar brick and concrete suburb of Rotterdam where the Jenever for the city's dock workers was distilled. The North Sea is to me what the Tyrol Alps are to someone growing up around Munich: the limit of the horizon at a mere twenty-minute car drive. Yet it felt much farther, much more remote. As for

most kids around where I lived, nature was an abstraction (1). There were no woods around, and however close the beach might seem, my parents didn't have a car, which meant the journey took an hour and a half, not to mention the physical and emotional toll of schlepping three kids, towels and sandwiches from tram to bus to train to bus. Our lives took place in their entirety playing football amidst brick and concrete and hide-and-seek in back alleys and parking lots, environments in which to this day I feel – without wanting to romanticize the scraped knees, dented cars, voices everywhere echoing off walls, elongated shadows, and obvious class inferences – immediately at ease. But it seems to me there is another reason here, one that might explain why the twenty-something me is as ill at ease with the sparkling deep blue waters of the Caribbean as the kid-me was with the muddy North Sea; why waves generate such powerful sensations for both me and – in a much more vitalist sense – my friend Diango, who was born

NERVOUS AROUND WAVES
Timotheus Vermeulen
Oslo 2022

and
raised in close
proximity to an entirely
different ocean; and why
waves have been such thankful
metaphors for philosophers (it's an
ongoing historical theme, but recent
examples include Edouard Glissant's brilliant
1990s study of the opaque, and Karen Barad's
2007 research on diffraction).
One reason is this: waves are irreducible to any of their
phenomenal qualities; they are networks, engaging their
environment in multiple interactions all at once. Here's just some
of what the encyclopedia says waves do: interfere, reflect,
disperse, refract, absorb, diffract, transmit, and polarize. Here's what
I think: waves are unique and repetitive; they are perpetual
and disappear; they gel, they dissipate; waves have
peaks and valleys; they undulate, at times seemingly
uncontrollably; they've got a below and an above
but rarely the same; they are transported
and transport; they transform and are
transformative; they envelop what they
develop; they suck in and spread
out; they're outside and inside of
us, the ocean and the heart;
they're the subject
of nearly

every
other
mathematical study and
have inspired way too many
romantic poems; they excite and
they terrify. Waves don't hide what they
roll in; they just come at you too highly, too
quickly, too frequently, or too unexpectedly for
you to see it all or in context – there are always
already other connections, other linkages and points
of contact.
But here is the other thing: waves are ideological. I don't
mean that they were invented by Karl Marx. What I mean is that
their qualities – their repetitive rhythm, their flow, their multiplicity,
their seeming perpetuity – wash their contents over us smoothly,
subtly, without us noticing it. We notice the monsters, but
not the rest. The monsters, you might say, are there
only to draw attention away from what the waves
really submerge and immerse us in.
This is the case for waves in the sea, sure. But
I am also thinking of the waving rhythm of
a song, the flow of a political rhetoric,
a sweeping camera. After all, the
songs that move us most often
slink by their lyrics; what
they're about is

experienced
as a side-effect,
an afterthought. That's
of course what successful
propaganda achieves as well: the
eternal waves in Leni Riefenstahl's
Olympia, bodily move after move after move
initiated but never executed, washing over us
whole.
What I have always found interesting is that there
are two types of people – and privately, I often think
that more than any other classifications of humans our
societies use (e.g. gender, education, race, class, ethics, etc.) this
is the distinction that describes humanity most adequately: those,
like the kids in the surf, or the woman in the sea, or, I imagine,
Diango, who accept this, who affirm it, who float with the
currents feeling liberated from whatever held them
transfixed on land – not uncritical, not at all, but
critical by means of the body, the movement,
the becoming-with; and those, like me,
who cannot – the restrained, dare I say
withdrawn. Waves make me nervous
because their ontology renders
impotent my epistemology.
They make me feel even
smaller than I

already
am.
Here's what matters:
waves force us to make a
choice: to engage in spite of our
lack of comprehension, our lack of
epistemic – and thus physical – control,
to relent the water's connections with our
body; or to sit back and watch from afar. The
reason that this seems especially pertinent today
is evident: the waves are coming. I am not just talking
about climate change. We are seeing waves of political
unrest rolling in one after the other, too, each bringing with it
much more than people had bargained for – Brexit being the obvious
example here. Whether or not we engage might quickly become less
of a choice than a necessity. We can only hope we don't
drown.

PLATES



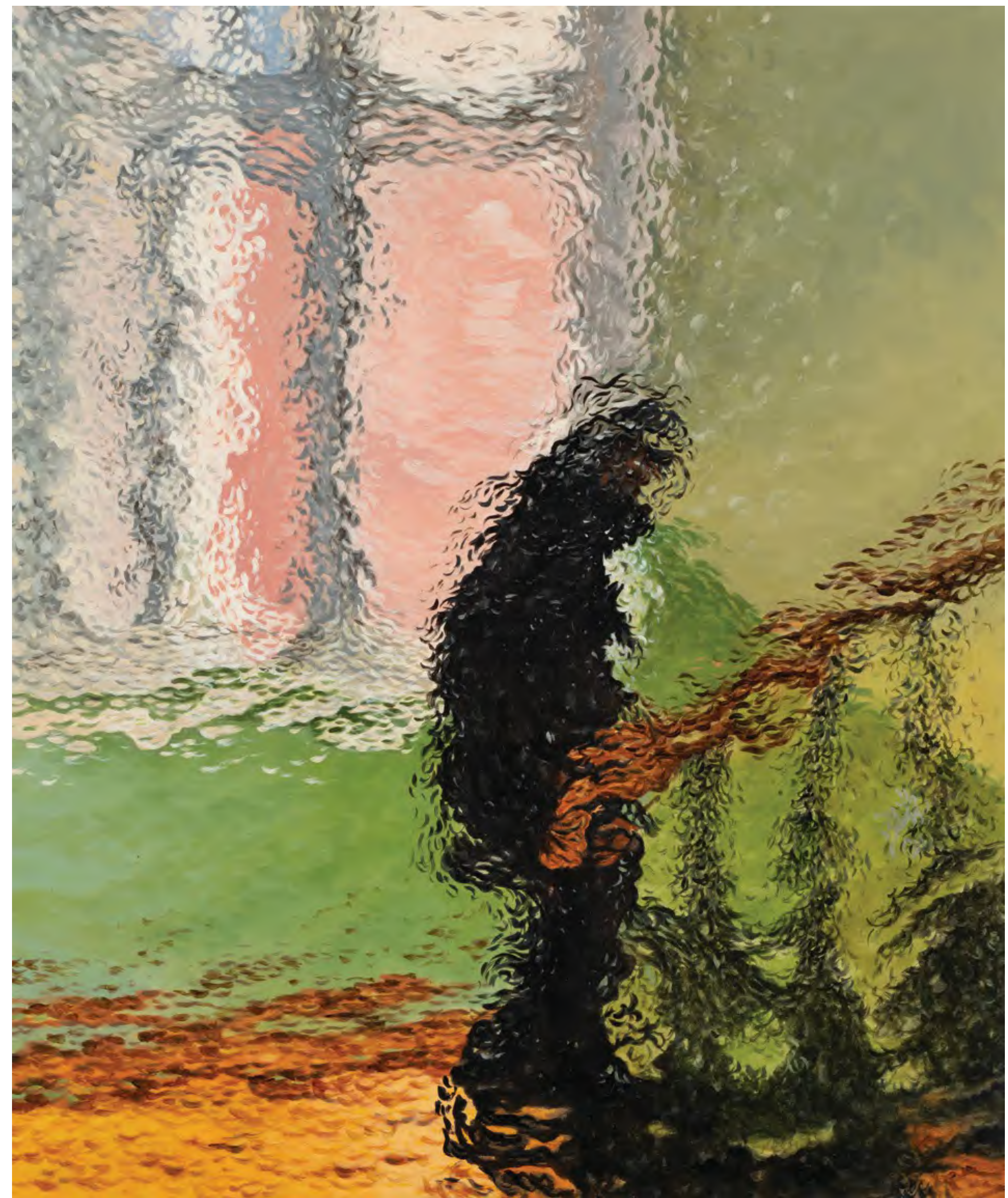


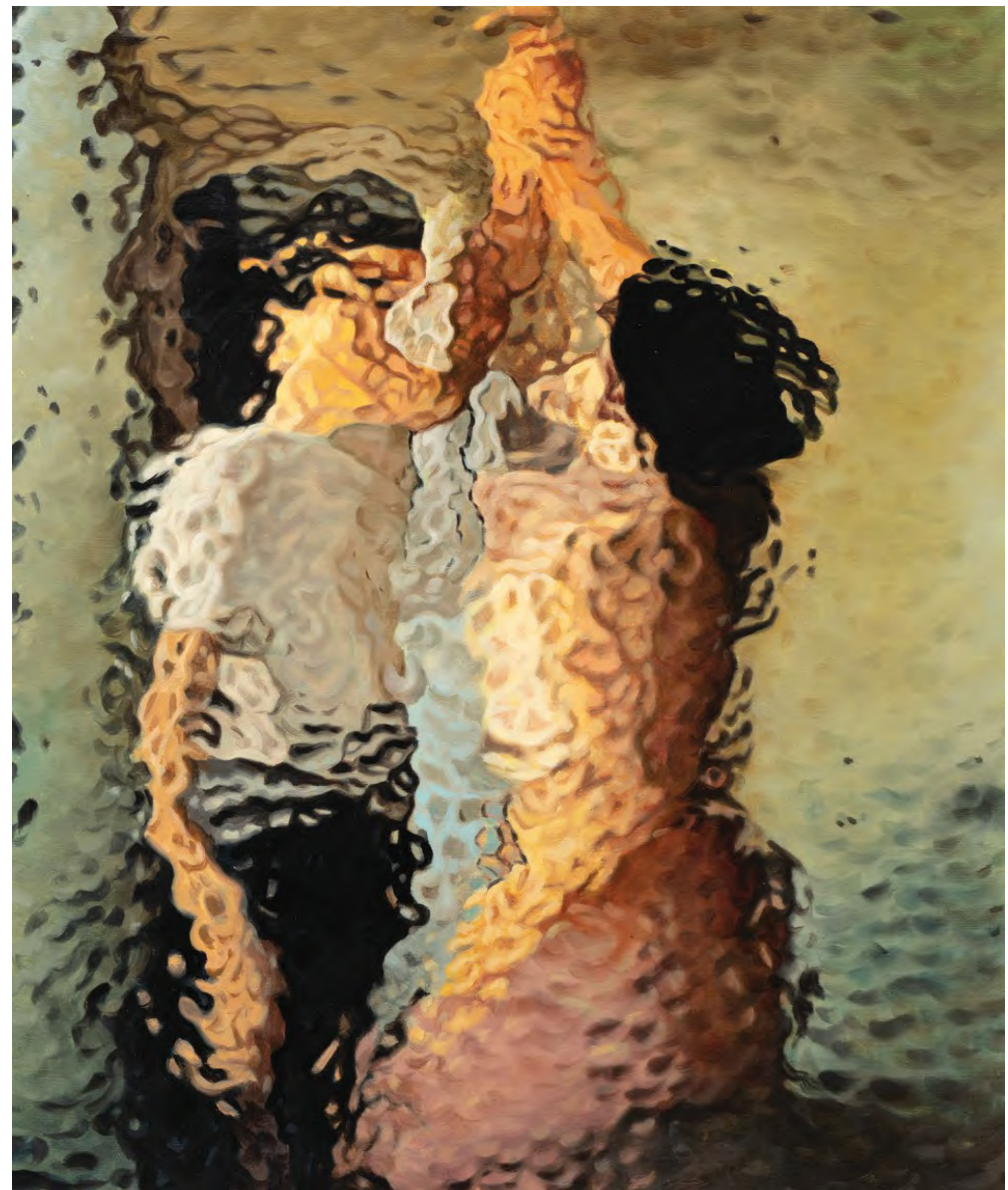








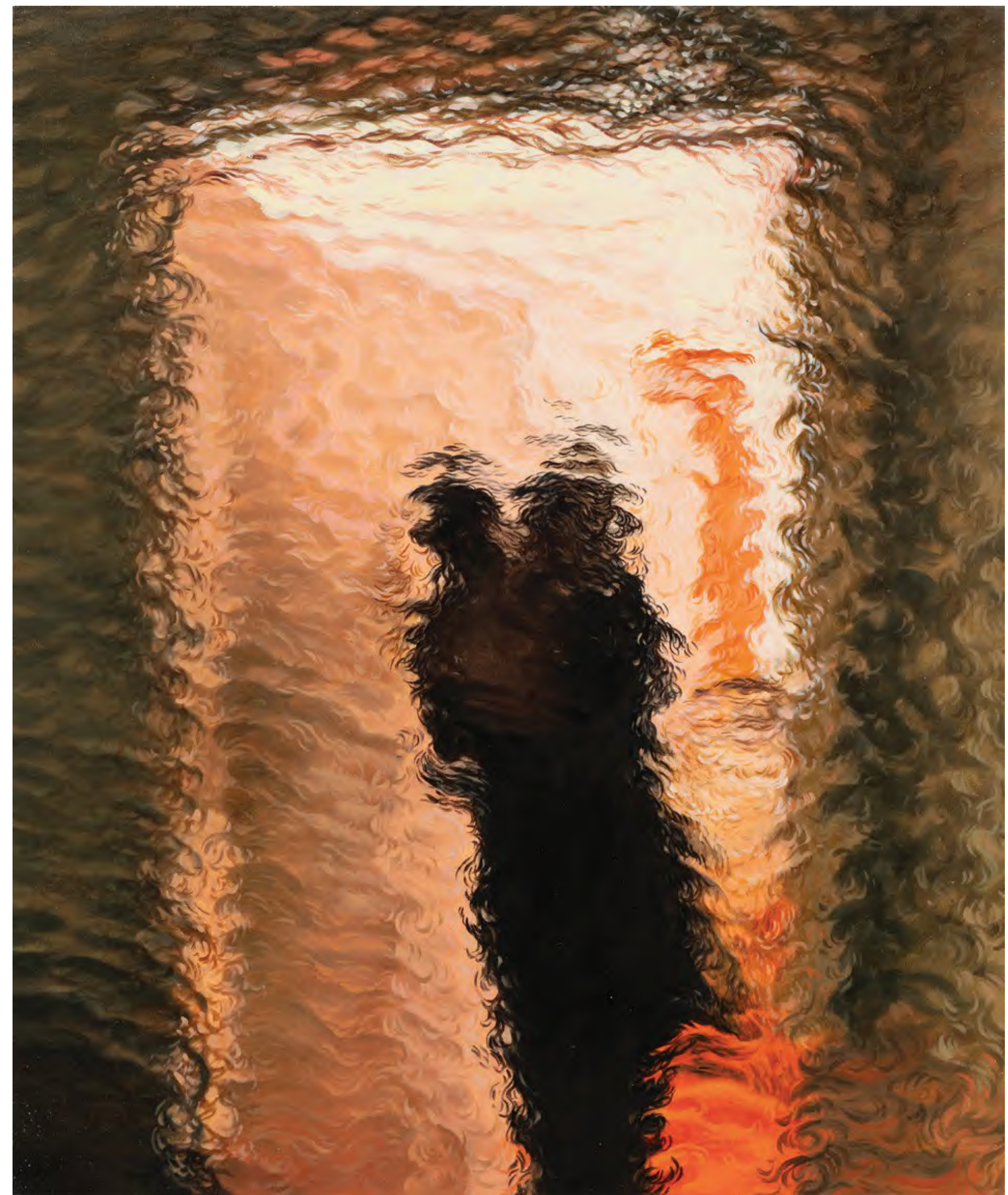


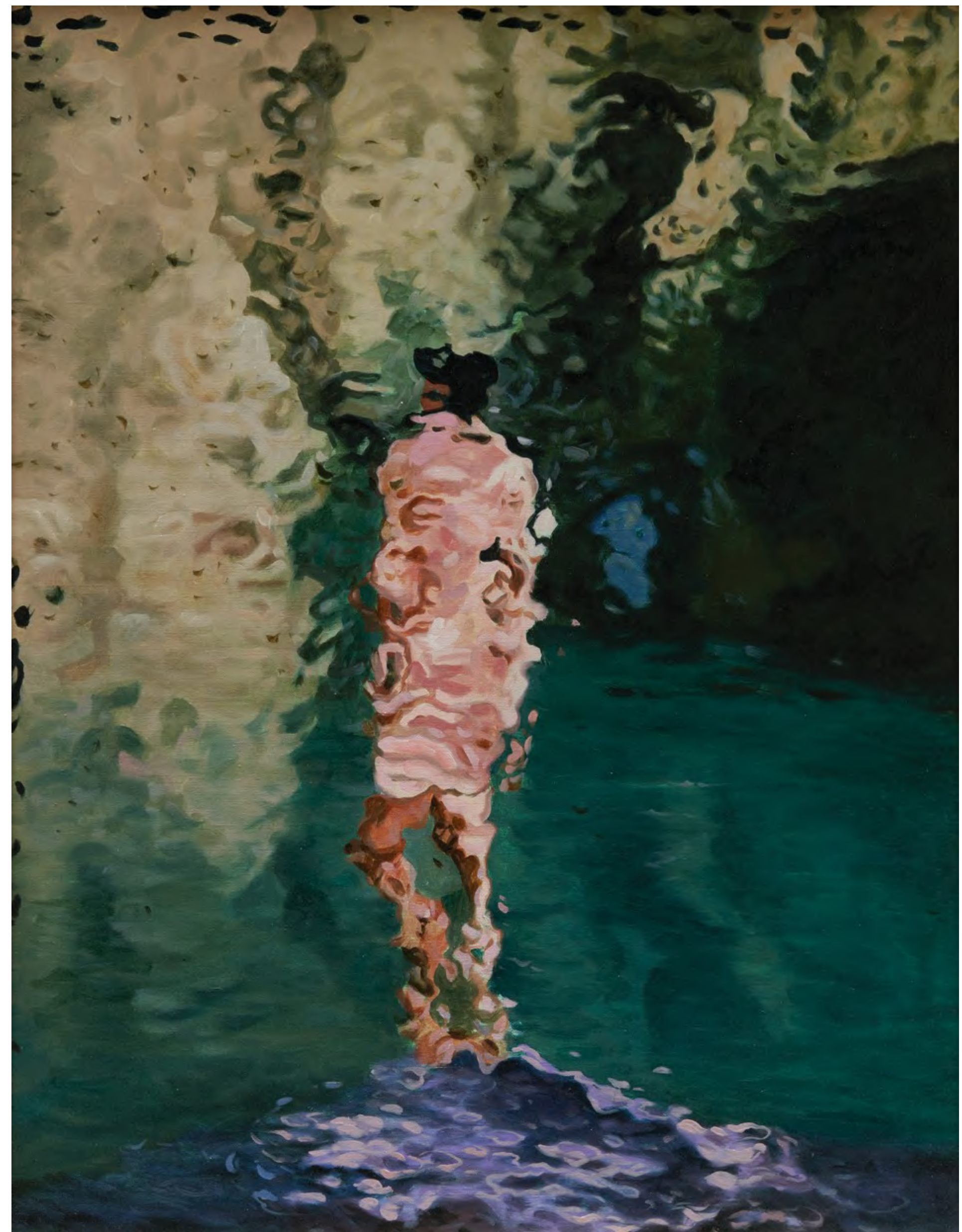


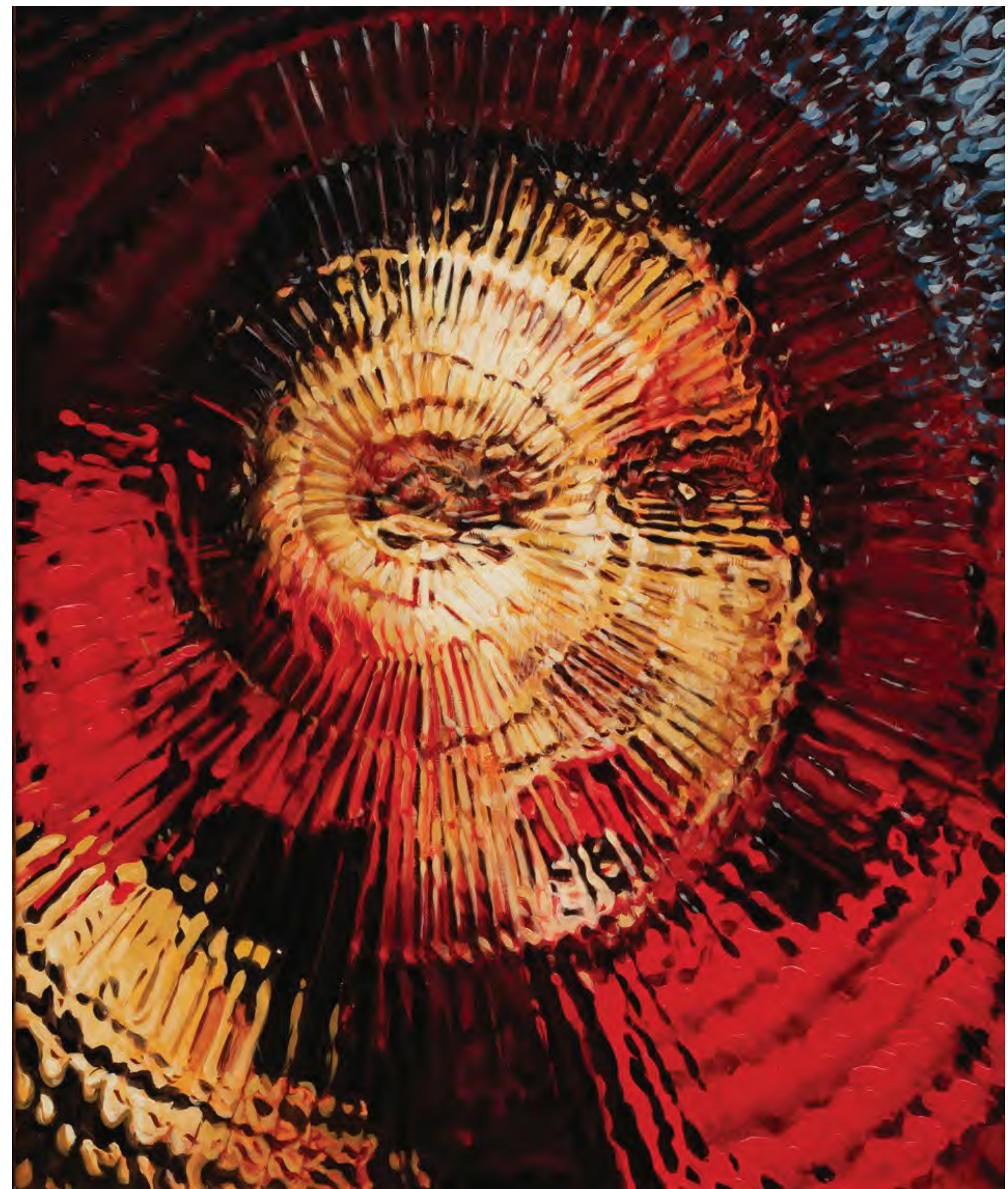






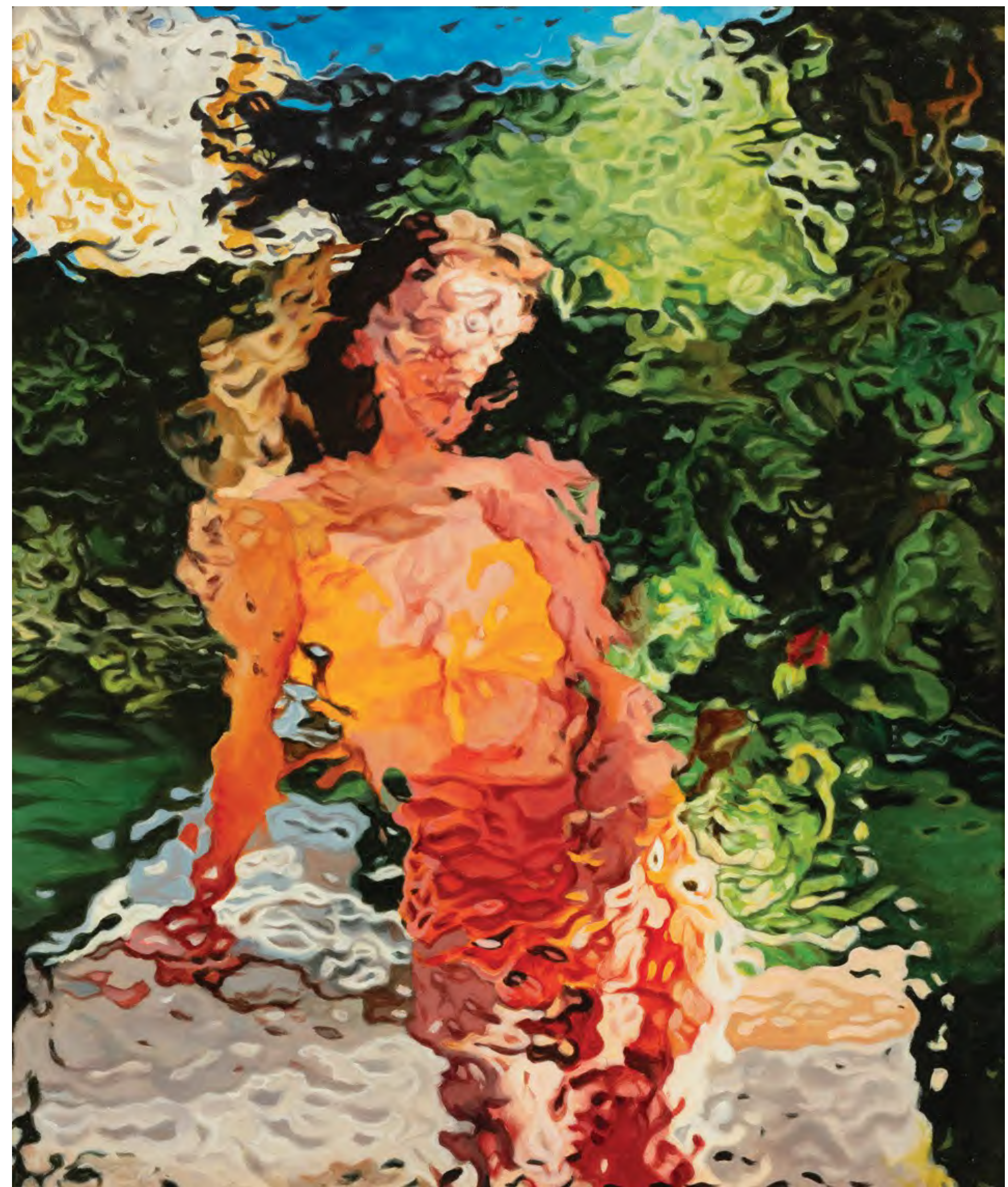




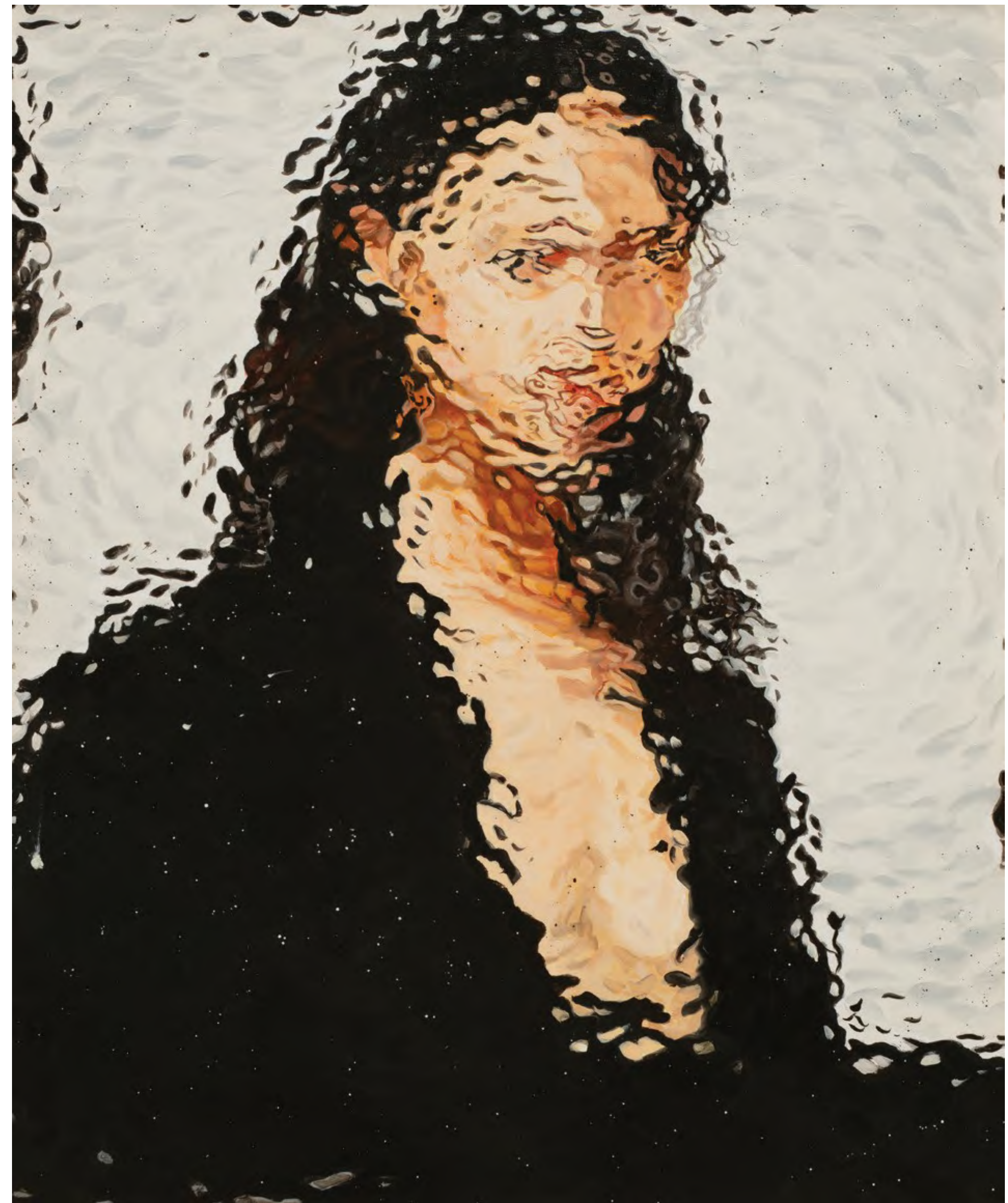












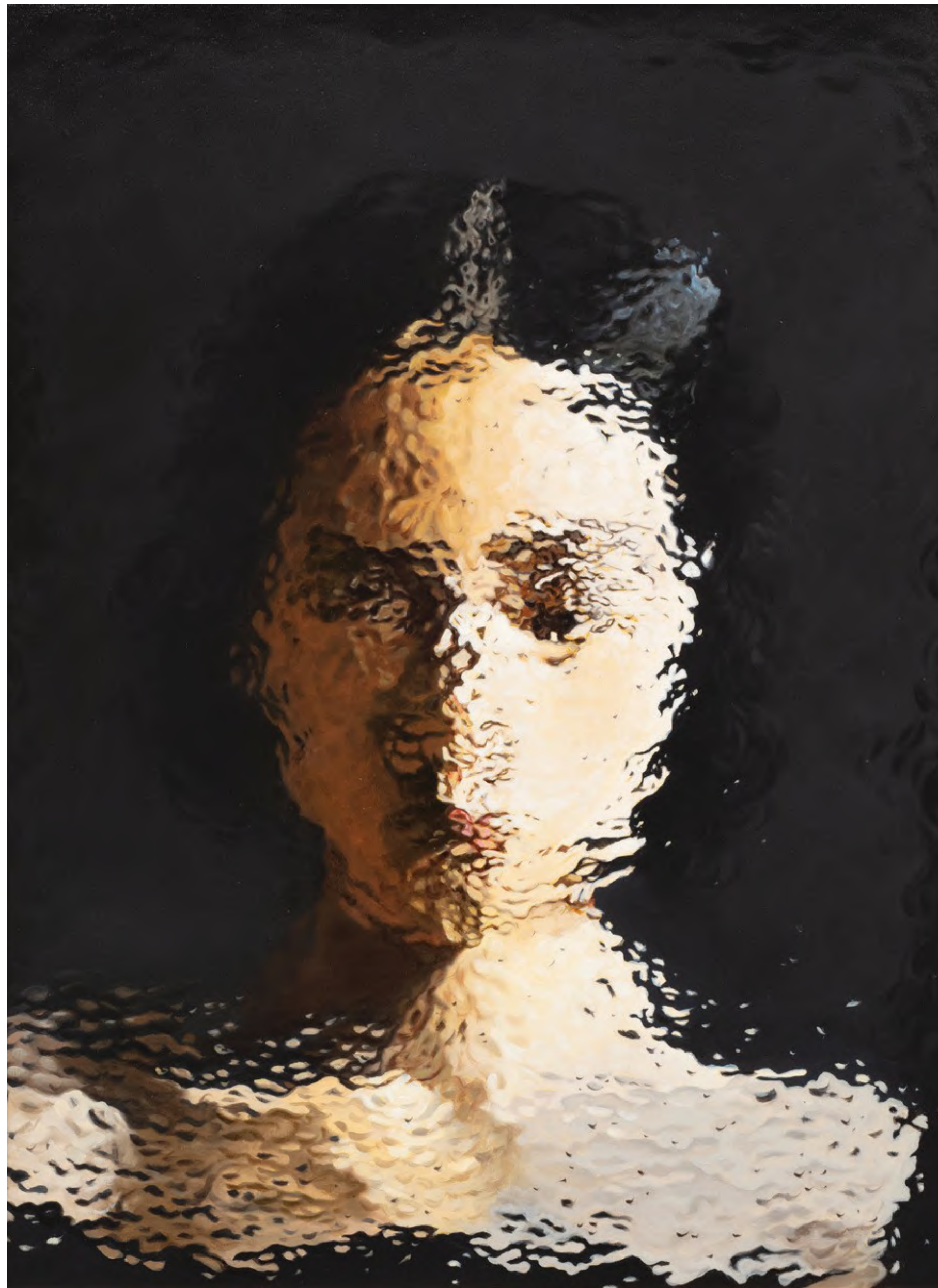










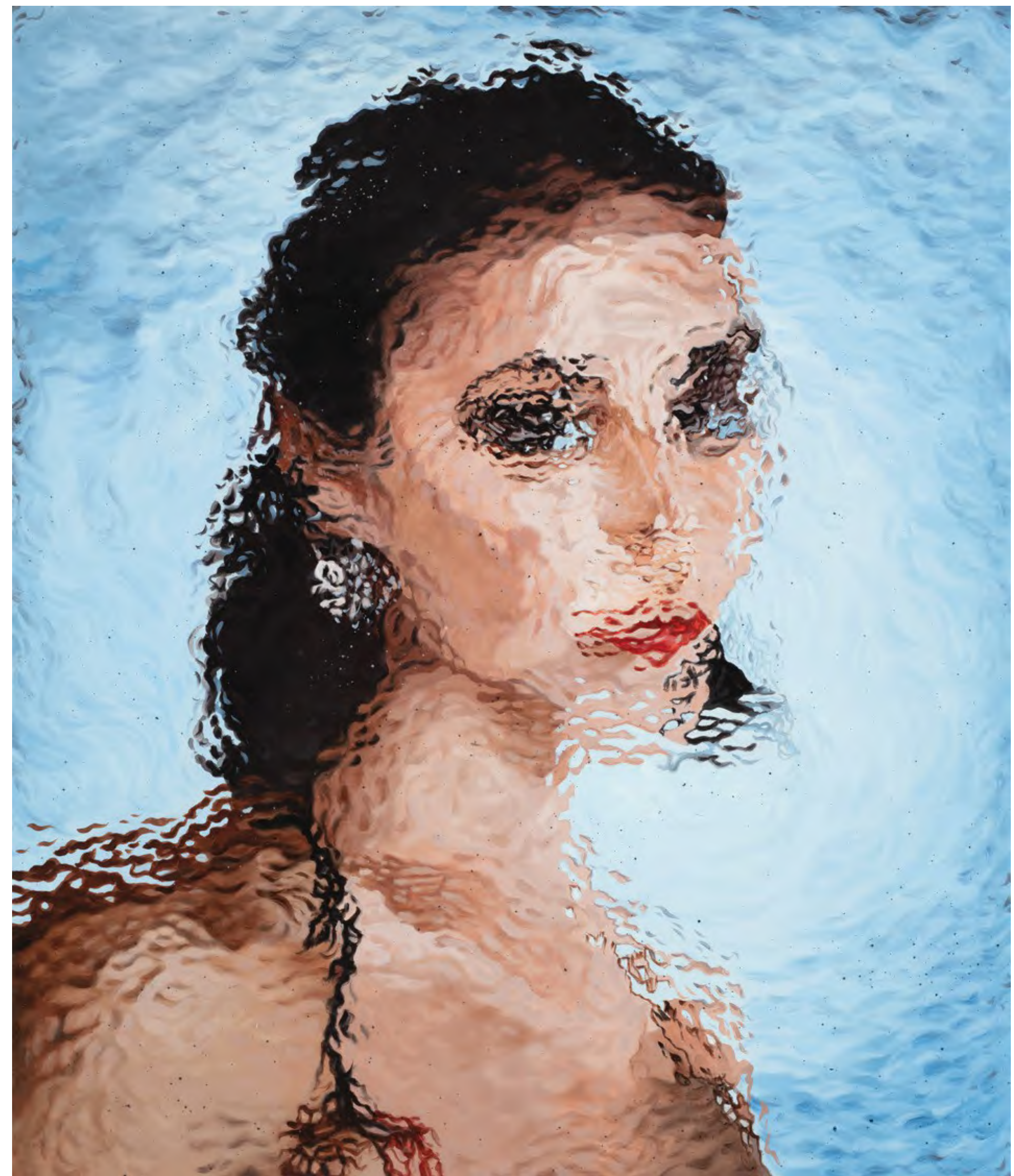


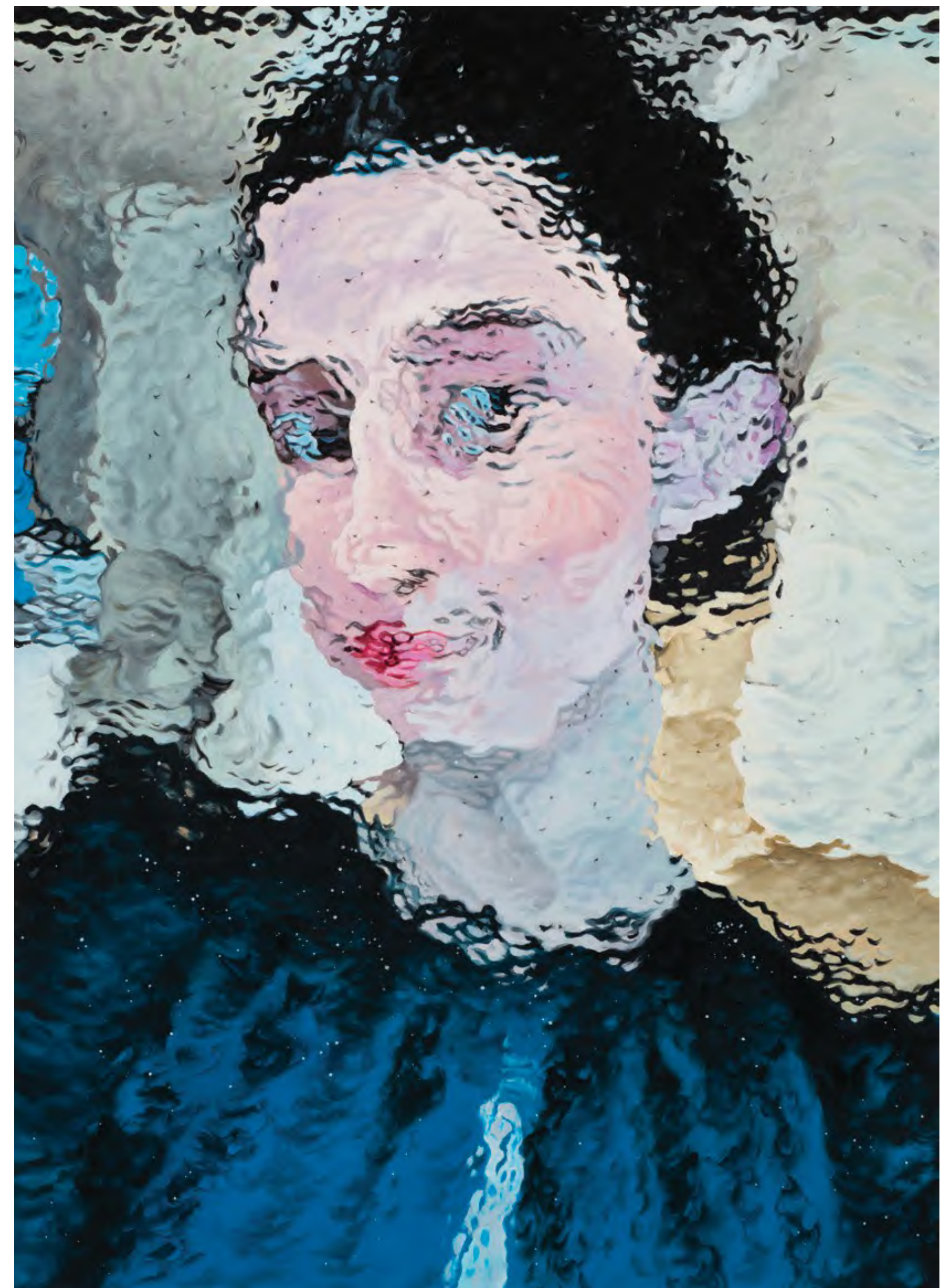






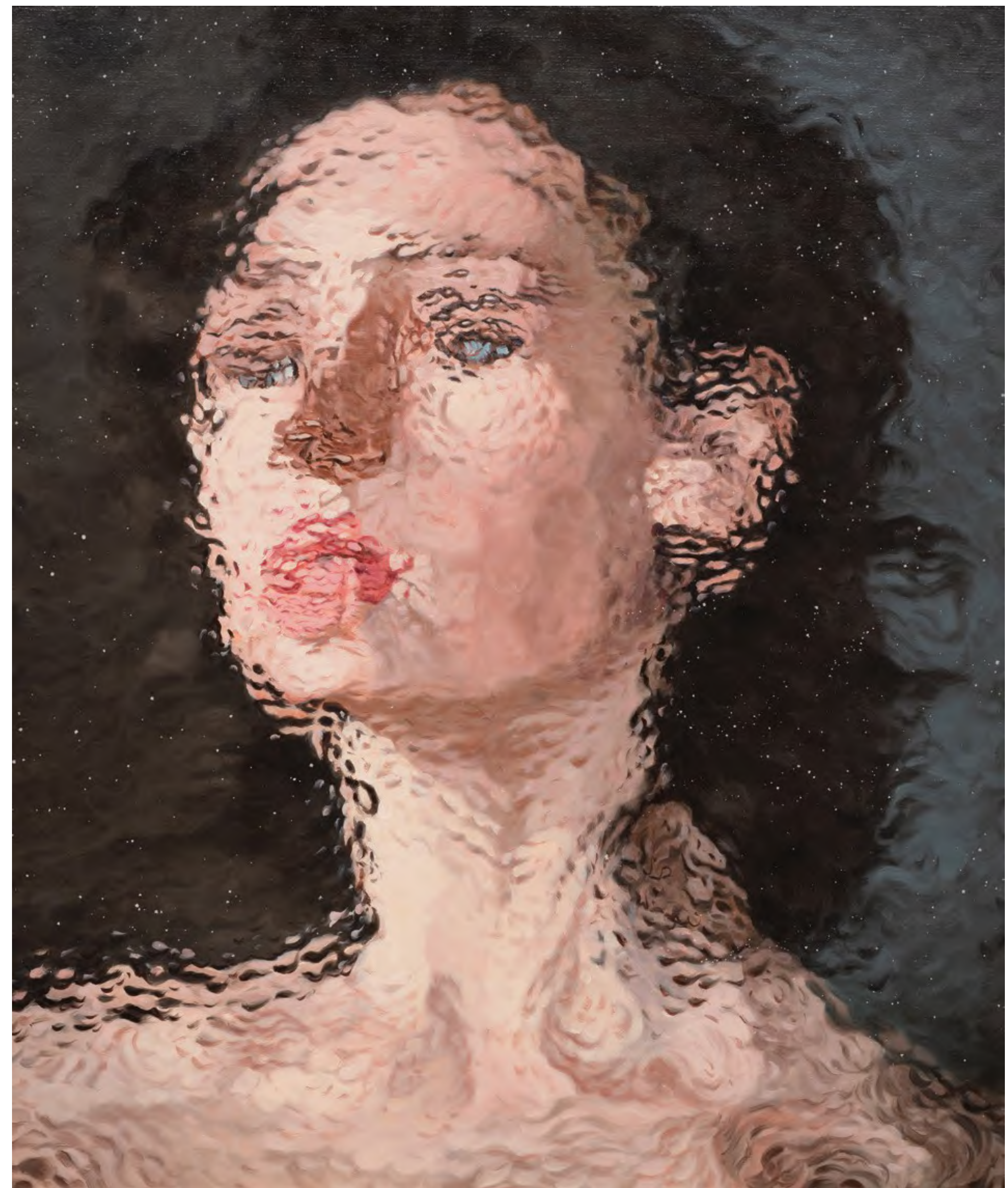






















EXHIBITON





ORIGINAL TEXTS

UNO SPRUZZO DI ACQUA SALATA

Daniele Capra

Venezia 2022

di Daniele Capra e Maurizio Calvesi

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

La pratica artistica di Diango Hernández, nata dal design e dall’analisi del contesto culturale e politico, si è progressivamente indirizzata verso gli elementi primari dello spazio, della forma e del colore. Centrali nella sua poetica sono l’uso della composizione e del ritmo visivo originato dal segno e dal colore, che rivelano un immaginario carico di elementi autobiografici. Anche nel caso di lavori in cui gli aspetti formali assumono un ruolo fondamentale, le esperienze dirette vissute dall’artista o la loro memoria sono i principali elementi generativi, senza però mai essere in alcun modo direttamente rintracciabili o influenzare l’artista in chiave autobiografica. Per Hernández – che è artista in quanto persona che *ha vissuto* – le opere sono gli elementi di una complessa narrazione identitaria: in essa, infatti, poeticamente si ricompongono gli aspetti concettuali, socio-politici e quelli più spiccatamente visivi, attraverso una forma sintetica dotata di un’impalpabile aura magica. Tale aspetto permette di cogliere le numerose articolazioni della ricerca dell’autore, che spaziano con estrema libertà dalla scultura al disegno, dall’installazione alla pittura, ma con una grande precisione tecnica rispetto al medium scelto e alle sue implicazioni espressive.

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

I dipinti della serie *Waterfalls* nascono da un’esperienza vissuta in prima persona dall’artista, il quale, in maniera del tutto casuale, si trova a osservare un’immagine attraverso la vecchia porta a vetri della propria casa a Düsseldorf. Hernández è rapito da quella visione e dalla trascrizione deformata – in parte infedele, in parte attendibile – che il vetro ondulato permette. Si rende conto di come tale semplice *artificio* possa essere uno strumento di meraviglia in grado di fornire una versione magicamente alterata della realtà. Egli inizia a guardare altre immagini attraverso il vetro e decide di fare di quelle inattese *apparizioni* delle opere. Comincia così a dipingere ciò che vede, trasferendo mimeticamente sulla tela, grazie ai colori a olio, quelle visioni deformate. Le composizioni che ne risultano sono insieme allusive ed elusive: in parte mostrano il soggetto, rendendolo intuibile e manifesto, in parte lo nascondono non consentendo di conoscerlo fino in fondo. È un parlar tacendo, reso possibile dalla *finzione* di quel semplice vetro semitrasparente che diventa, nella logica di Hernández, non tanto un semplice filtro che si frappone tra noi e il mondo, ma un vero e proprio strumento di *mise-en-scène* della realtà, compiutamente autonomo. Lo scopo dell’artista non è tanto quello di ricorrere a una lente per avere degli esiti che evocano altri linguaggi, come accadeva nel pittorialismo in cui la foto doveva simulare la pittura, quanto invece usare il vetro ondulato come una un’inedita *camera obscura*, benché anomala e infedele, capace di selezionare un ritaglio di realtà e di renderlo sorprendentemente disponibile al nostro sguardo, grazie alla sua successiva trascrizione pittorica. Il processo messo in opera dall’artista cubano non mira cioè a modellare in forma diretta il risultato, rendendolo piacevole o seducente, ma a potenziare l’intensità e la pregnanza della fonte originale. Hernández, in buona sostanza, non si focalizza sull’esito conclusivo, ma agisce retroattivamente intensificando la forza del contenuto originario, in qualche modo *accrescendolo*.

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

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di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

Allo stesso modo, però, la deformazione prodotta assume la forma dell’onda, elemento concettuale sul quale l’artista sta lavorando da tempo e con rinnovati approcci. L’onda è insieme soggetto, logotipo e strumento interpretativo attraverso il quale osservare il mondo. È un vero e proprio *punto di osser-*

vazione, del tutto autosussistente, che garantisce una prospettiva univoca e, per certi aspetti, totalizzante. Ma è anche matrice iconografica, concetto generale/astratto e approccio sentimentale, *reductio ad unum* e metro di misura del visibile. L’onda, in spagnolo “ola”, è l’elemento fondamentale dal sapore vagamente modernista, ma in chiave aperta e vitale, dalla fantasiosa libertà caraibica. È una testimonianza della possibile surreale ricostruzione di ogni immagine che la pittura rende possibile, in totale autonomia dalla realtà e dalle sue più rigide prescrizioni. Hernández destruttura la forma percepita per ricomporla, con sottile leggerezza e lucida follia, in forma immaginata.

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

La pittura classica e i soggetti codificati dai generi (in particolare il ritratto, la vista architettonica d’interno e il vaso di fiori) sono i soggetti primari delle sue opere, anche se non vi è alcuna enfasi nella rappresentazione mimetica della realtà, nel volerle cioè assomigliare in qualche modo. L’artista si prende infatti la libertà programmatica di *divagare*, di non scegliere il percorso più breve, ma di muoversi nei dintorni, dilatando con differenti strategie il percorso. È una dinamica che conduce al rallentamento percettivo da parte dello spettatore, che si trova in una condizione simile a colui che guarda un testo che continuamente oscilla, instabile come il fluire continuo delle onde. Hernández trasforma infatti ogni osservatore nel signor Palomar di Italo Calvino (nel primo racconto del libro omonimo), intento a cogliere le increspature del mare e le loro perpetue variazioni, dato che “un’onda è sempre diversa da un’altra onda; ma è anche vero che ogni onda è uguale a un’altra onda, anche se non immediatamente contigua o successiva; insomma ci sono delle forme e delle sequenze che si ripetono, sia pur distribuite irregolarmente nello spazio e nel tempo.” Gli occhi danzano nel tentativo di catturare la fissità di un’istante, salvo poi fallire e ricominciare il gioco da capo. È una sfida in cui la pittura è solleticata dai possibili intrecci delle linee e, per certi aspetti, dal linguaggio della grafica. In questa danza interrogativa innescata dall’artista cubano, in cui chi guarda è coinvolto in un ballo sfrenato che dura fino a notte fonda. È un continuo dibattersi tra il dettaglio e vista d’insieme, tra il voler riconoscere e il dover immaginare quel particolare che è stato eluso dalla pittura, poiché di fronte l’opera di Hernández siamo naturalmente portati, come il signor Palomar, a “cogliere tutte le sue componenti simultanee senza trascurarne nessuna.” La sua pittura è così un caleidoscopio che innesca il mistero della pittura, in un gioco di svelamenti, presenze, rincorse funamboliche e apparizioni silenziose. Come il mare di Cuba, che d’inverno si fiacca a L’Avana contro il muro del Malecón, frantumandosi in uno spruzzo di acqua salata che ricopre tutta la città con un velo impalpabile che profuma l’aria.

di Maurizio Calvesi e Daniele Capra

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Ahora tiene sentido que trate de buscar en qué le ha marcado su vida y la nuestra, el Arte y la Escritura. Por ello, opta primeramente por el dibujo y la pintura, porque el diálogo es desde La Modernidad. La nuestra, la Modernista Vanguardia Histórica Cubana, donde la forma de ponernos a tono con el descentramiento y la fragmentación del canon que provocó la Vanguardia Europea fue leída y hecha desde el color y el pliegue neobarroco, que tanto fascinó a José Lezama Lima, Alejo Carpentier, Reynaldo Arenas o Severo Sarduy en la reconfiguración de nuestro paisaje cultural como un signo de identidad.

Severo Sarduy, 1960

Por ello, DH, se aplana, porque necesita conversar -no discutir, sino hablar respetuosamente- con la tradición pictórica cubana pre-revolución, desde la mirada de quien se enfrenta al lienzo como una página en blanco. Principalmente -desde mi punto de vista- enfocándose en el trabajo de Amelia Peláez y René Portocarrero, como grandes paradigmas a diversificar de-construyéndolos, pero sin olvidar a las abstractas Aguas Territoriales de Martínez Pedro.⁸ Sólo que ahora el artista conoce también las derivas post-minimals del tachonismo de bitácora de Jonathan Lasker, el enclaustramiento carcelario de Peter Halley o los paisajes abstractos de Odili Donald Odita de su África natal. O incluso, está al tanto del citatorio y barroquizante Museo Tropical del maestro Flavio Garciandía que mucho nos enseñó a re-mirar a Wifredo Lam.

Wifredo Lam, 1940

Wifredo Lam, 1940

Para ello Diango gesta una especie de “glosario instrumental”, o más un “catálogo de herramientas, brochas, pinceles, espátulas o paletas” (palabras del artista), igual a como funciona un programa informático de creación gráfica del paquete Adobe, que a mi se me grafica -nunca mejor dicho- como un idioma, una lengua, un lenguaje propio. Y digo “lenguaje” y no “glosario”, por la sofisticación -lingüísticamente hablando- de los intersticios mediante los cuales opera, siendo capaz de combinaciones infinitas, no necesariamente como estructuras modélicas yuxtapuestas, sino imbricadas. Como ese saber del cual cuando versamos sobre pintura etiquetamos como “oficio”, conocimiento hecho práctica. Como si el artista ejecutara un fractal “inter-texto” (ese “palabro” que en los noventa se impuso) que le permite “usar” los manierismos de cómo se enfrenta a un retrato, a un bodegón, a un paisaje, o desde la mirada y/o las enseñanzas de los otros (maestros que le han ido dejando su huella simbólica en sus apreciaciones estéticas) para reinventar un lenguaje democrático y democratizante donde modernidad y contemporaneidad confluyen en un mismo territorio no antagonico, un territorio donde lo político ahora es silenciado, ocultado por la destreza de su mano, olvidando el sufrimiento, el dolor, el rencor y la amargura y asumiendo el presente desde otra fraternidad más agradecida, más feliz, sencilla y llanamente; donde la modernista y espacial visión del paisajismo de Roberto Burle Marx se apoya y a la vez se encapsula en el marco sinuoso y escurridizo del espejo “Ultra fragola” de Ettore Sottsass, como si se reflejase dentro del mismo, como si se comportase como el espejo por donde huir como “Alicia en el País de las Maravillas” hacia un universo donde la memoria re-concilia nuestros sueños, y accedemos con gran facilidad, la facilidad que un derroche de maestría, ese extrañamiento que nos embarga cuando sabemos que estamos ante una obra de arte que rebosa plenitud, llevándonos a un estado de perpetua permutación, un estado holístico de transpiración sudorosa, salivación que brota o sangre que se derrama y se hace planimetría. Lugar donde la magia de un sensual tedeum onanístico acaece como revelación -quizás animística, ancestral-, resultado de un estado meditativo que de un mantra emana. Con la salvedad de que ese mantra por ser caribeño, ilumina, brilla, baña de luz tropical todo lo que roza, así como sensualiza todo lo que toca el invasor sonido nuestra música. Dándonos la oportunidad de disfrutar o ser testigos visuales de una redentora venganza

contra lo geo-político, desde la imposición de la belleza como dogma, como ritual, como addimú,⁹ como bálsamo curativo para sanar nuestras heridas, nuestros lastres y taras, nuestras inseguridades que nada tienen que hacer en un universo donde nada es seguro, todo se mueve y tiembla. Oscilante como el mar, como las cataratas, como el rocío, el agua en suspensión hecha vapor, nube, humo, y luego manantial que frente a un remanso de paz reposa convertida en lugar para ser apreciado, gozado por y para todos. Eso que a día de hoy denominamos comúnmente: ARTE.

V. Como mismo artistas cercanos a él como el brasileño-neoyorquino Assume Vivid Astrofocus halla en el carnaval su esencia, o la venezolana-berlinesa Sol Calero en lo selvático y en lo vernáculo la suya, o el malagueño Simón Zabell se encuentra en sus planísimos paisajes sintéticos todavía prosaicos en el sentido de ser planteados como ejercicios de prosa poética visual, o Raúl Cordero (su amigo y coetáneo) en lo cuántico y en lo poético como luminosidad incandescente que nos une, o María Magdalena Campos-Pons en su sagrada y ancestral africanidad femenina, o Jorge Pardo en su tropicalismo californiano, donde esa misma luz se hace cosa, una y otra vez. Diango Hernández prefiere regresar a la retombeé de Severo Sarduy como eterna sinfonía marítima que nos hechiza en un eco infinito. Para aprender a vivir con el mar en la cabeza. Esa es la meta. Imaginar el mar, siempre nos traerá un horizonte prometedor. Lleno de esperanza, haciendo las pases consigo mismo con el color, la luz, el brillo, la voluptuosidad neobarroca, y ese “estado de paz” le otorga una noción búdica, radiante de comprensión universalista. Como si el artista constantemente buscase esa reverberación que nos confirma que todos somos agua, o al menos, en un altísimo porcentaje, lo somos. Como si el artista nos invitase a imitar la laboriosa y paciente tarea del famoso “escriba sentado” del Louvre, pero, esta vez, con todas las herramientas que la contemporaneidad artística nos facilita hoy día. Puede que por su formación como diseñador, DH, no cae en ningún puritanismo técnico, de hecho además de usar todas las técnicas conocidas de producción artística, las mezcla, las intercala, las pone a dialogar complementándose unas con otras.

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

Un caso bien claro al respecto es su proyecto *Instopia*, donde el artista “usa” la efervescencia de la red social Instagram como campo de experimentación y exposición inacabable, como propuesta de lanzamiento de ideas que crea sensación de realidad, o no, pero en cualquier caso, ofrece la cobertura necesaria para explayarse visualmente. Proyecto desde el cual el artista ficciona (¿o promueve?): vitrales, telones, textiles, pañuelos, pinturas murales, móviles colgantes y esculturas monumentales o de exteriores, dibujando tridimensionalmente. Todas simulando ese oleaje tan suyo. Esa vibración en ondas, esa mar en calma.¹⁰ Solo que le incorpora la dificultad utópica de recordarnos que lo que debemos transcribir es lo que se esfuma de esas aguas, lo que nos transmuta en espíritus libres. Y así puede que esa agua, hecha arte, nos sane, nos salve. Como una especie de simbólico bautismo ecuménico hecho oleaje poético, así como él mismo es, un hombre generoso, aglutinador de esfuerzos, dado a la complicidad que en todo lo que hace, produce su propia ola. Esa sinfonía íntima que los isleños susurramos a diario -silenciosamente añorando el runrún del agua.

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

Diango Hernández, 2008

^[1] Para ser exactos, en otoño de 1995, cuando estaba dispuesto a entrar como Profesor de Teoría Estética en el Instituto Superior de Diseño Industrial de La Habana (conocido como el ISDI), fue cuando me lo presentó Raúl Cordero, a quien conocía ya desde hacía unos años, como uno de los egresados del ISDI, de su misma promoción, posiblemente de las mejores promociones de dicho instituto

^[2] Ya que la cultura del reciclaje pre-industrial es típica en todo el Caribe y Sudamérica, un diagnóstico que Diango constató en sus viajes a México, Costa Rica, Brasil, comprobando que Cuba no es la única que recicla en este sentido

^[3] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[4] Entre Italia y Alemania, donde finalmente se asienta en Düsseldorf hasta el día de hoy

^[5] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[6] Humo (Waiting for a signal), 2008, es una obra de su autoría de videoarte monocanal que me parece de las mejores obras que he visto que grafican está diletante realidad decadente que no acepta su caída, obra donde se escucha una escena de una conversación que empieza a acalorarse entre dos o varios pensadores de la Europa del Este (nunca se precisa la cantidad) de hombres que fuman, discuten y fuman, y agreden con sus cigarrillos una vieja radio de madera. Obra donde todo se sugiere, nada se hace literal, sino literario, donde estos verborreicos diletantes simulan estar enviando “señales de humo” a sus antepasados desde un presente cercano

^[7] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[8] Su impactante e impecable serie Diamantes y Piedras, fotografías digitales en las que el artista replica las imágenes de las diapositivas que se proyectaban en las escuelas en el campo, como documentación del adoctrinante sistema de enseñanza socialista de los setenta-ochenta acompañada por una instalación que describe cronológicamente el conteo anual de la duración de nuestra “historia revolucionaria”, me parece excelente, poética y cargada de una estética reduccionista pos-minimal. Serie que tuve el placer de exhibir cuando curé los Project Rooms de MIART Fair (2008), gracias a la cortesía de Federico Luger Gallery

^[9] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[10] En el año 2008 realiza un libro de dibujos titulado Húmedo, que en el año 2011 exhibió en su galería neoyorquina Alexander and Bonin, que ya abrió la puerta simbólica del buscador del agua, el zahori caribeño. Un dibujo que personalmente considero que es una “llave maestra”, una “piedra filosofal”

^[11] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[12] Ya lo había hecho poniendo en bucle un discurso de Fidel Castro en una pieza de videoarte donde el runrún castrista castraba todos los sonidos posibles frente a dos postes caídos, como caídas están sus palabras de antaño, que ahora suenan lejanas, arcaicas, vacías

^[13] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[14] Tres artistas que acoplaron perfectamente sus estéticas a la practicidad del urbanismo de la arquitectura modernista de la Cuba de los años cuarenta y cincuenta, que a Diango le interesa muchísimo como espacio donde convive el arte y la funcionabilidad del diseño, un espacio que en la Cuba de hoy, no existe; fue extirpado como un rasgo burgués de nuestra floreciente arquitectura nacional, con la proletarización del mal gusto de la estalinista dictadura del campesinado, que todo lo que olía a ciudad donde la belleza imperaba, le sonaba rancio. En definitivas, un craso error

^[15] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[16] Ofrenda de flores y frutas en los credos yorubas que sobreviven en la cultura afrotrasatlántica que Cuba adora

^[17] Diango Hernández, 2008

^[18] En este sentido, tuve la oportunidad de disfrutar de su muestra personal Marina en su galería berlinesa Barbara Thumm del año 2016, y ciertamente como espectador, sentías la sensación de humedad corporal, de horizonte marino, de visión de la costa, como si estuvieses presencialmente en una playa tropical caribeña

EL GESTO DE LAOLA

Marcelo Morales

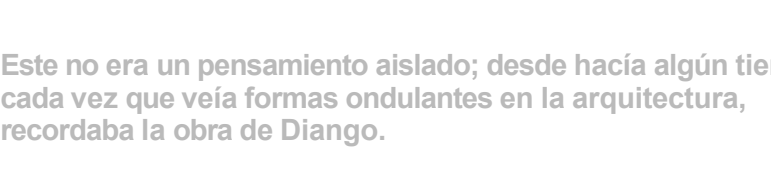
La Habana 2021



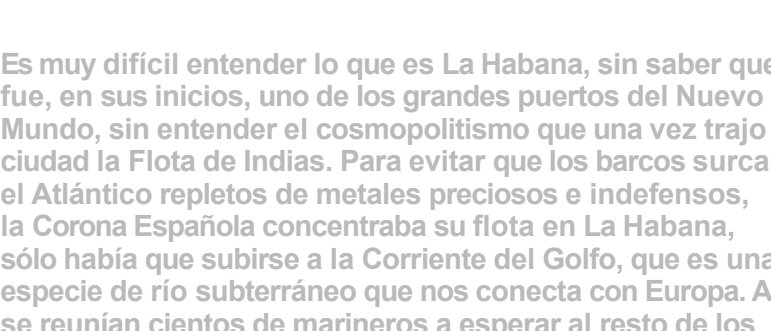
Cuando reabrieron las playas, luego del pico de la COVID-19, fui al mar por primera vez en mucho tiempo. Para mi sorpresa, habían construido un hotel. El país se había detenido casi por completo, pero no la construcción de hoteles. La sombra que proyectaba, tapaba la parte de la costa donde solía bañarme.



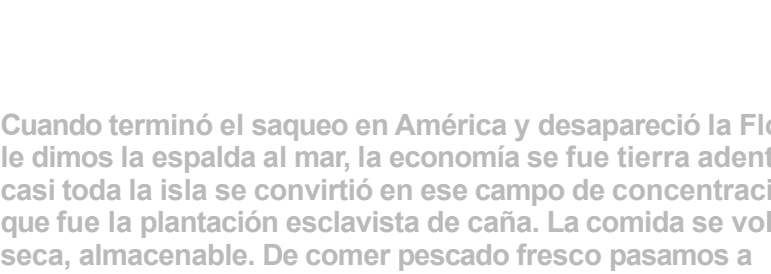
- Hay una playa en Sudamérica que ha perdido el sol -le dije a mi novia. Después de las dos de la tarde la playa queda a la sombra, ahora es la playa que perdió el sol.
- ¿Dónde está, en qué país?
-No sé, Uruguay quizá, Argentina, Punta del Este, Bariloche, a lo mejor es en Brasil, no recuerdo. Al menos aquí los arquitectos respetaron el gesto de la ola, el hotel parece un Django ¿verdad?



Aunque la COVID 19 no es la primera epidemia que azota a La Habana, sí creo que es la primera vez en la historia que se prohíbe el acceso al mar. Yo, que no soy el más marino de los habaneros, a veces iba y le hacía fotos, como un obeso que se pone a dieta y huele la comida, o un alcohólico que huele la bebida. Que el diseño del hotel me recordara la forma de la ola me hacía más llevadero el hecho de que la costa hubiese perdido una franja de sol.

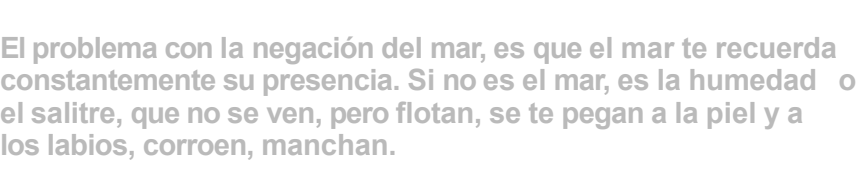


Es muy difícil entender lo que es La Habana, sin saber que fue, en sus inicios, uno de los grandes puertos del Nuevo Mundo, sin entender el cosmopolitismo que una vez trajo a la ciudad la Flota de Indias. Para evitar que los barcos surcaran el Atlántico repletos de metales preciosos e indefensos, la Corona Española concentraba su flota en La Habana, sólo había que subirse a la Corriente del Golfo, que es una especie de río subterráneo que nos conecta con Europa. Aquí se reunían cientos de marineros a esperar al resto de los barcos, convirtiendo a la ciudad en uno de los puertos y de los astilleros más importantes del Nuevo Mundo. Y, a su vez, en una de las ciudades más libertinas, peligrosas y cosmopolitas de Hispanoamérica. La cultura de puerto fue penetrando el habla, los cubanos de hoy no estamos muy conscientes de eso. Pocas palabras en Cuba son más vulgares que *Singar* (el acto de hacer el amor), sin embargo, tiene una belleza extraordinaria. Refiere al hecho de meter el remo en el agua como un gondolero y avanzar creando ondas diminutas. Hace años, hablando con una brasileña sobre este tema, me dijo que en algún puerto de Brasil usaban una metáfora parecida: *Hacer la marea*, dos cuerpos en ondulante sincronía. *Irse al carajo*, *Salvarse por los pelos*, *Tirarte un cabo*, son algunas de las expresiones que usamos a diario sin saber que provienen de la marinería. La mismísima clave cubana, tan significativa en la cultura musical, no es otra cosa que el ritmo que se marcaba en los astilleros para llevar el ritmo del trabajo.

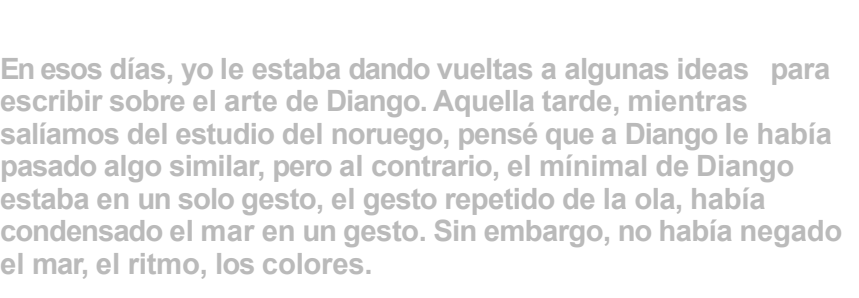


Cuando terminó el saqueo en América y desapareció la Flota, le dimos la espalda al mar, la economía se fue tierra adentro, casi toda la isla se convirtió en ese campo de concentración que fue la plantación esclavista de caña. La comida se volvió seca, almacenable. De comer pescado fresco pasamos a

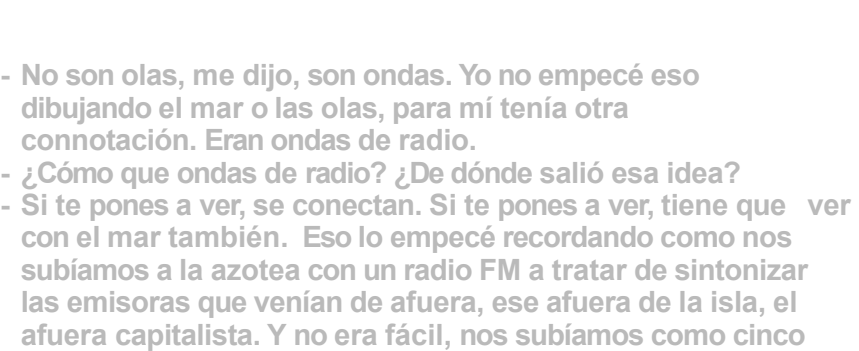
comer arroz, frijoles, carnes saladas y, si se comía pescado, era salado y de aguas frías.



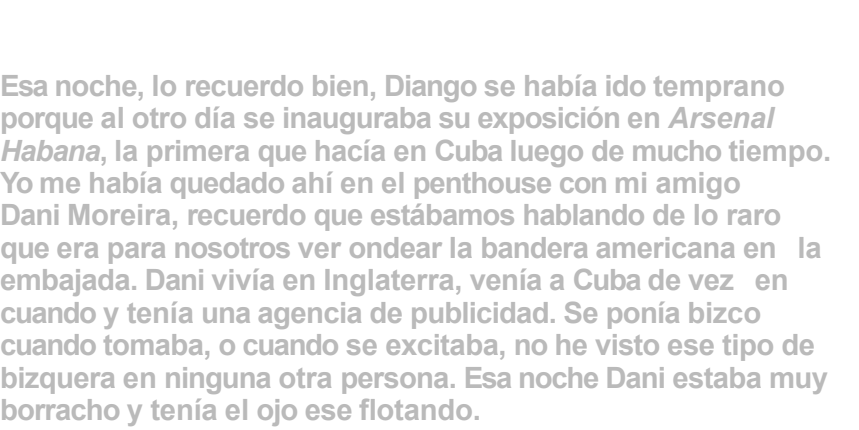
Hace años, fui con Diango en una de sus estancias en La Habana al estudio de un pintor noruego, un pintor extraordinario, minimal. El noruego había pintado las paredes del estudio de blanco, había pintado unos monocromos y había sembrado unos cactus en el balcón. Un mes después, las paredes y los cuadros pegados a las paredes se habían llenado de manchas y humedad. Las macetas de los cactus del balcón se habían llenado de malangas. El minimal en el trópico era, en suma, un minimal exuberante.



En esos días, yo le estaba dando vueltas a algunas ideas para escribir sobre el arte de Diango. Aquella tarde, mientras salíamos del estudio del noruego, pensé que a Diango le había pasado algo similar, pero al contrario, el minimal de Diango estaba en un solo gesto, el gesto repetido de la ola, había condensado el mar en un gesto. Sin embargo, no había negado el mar, el ritmo, los colores.



- No son olas, me dijo, son ondas. Yo no empecé eso dibujando el mar o las olas, para mí tenía otra connotación. Eran ondas de radio.
- ¿Cómo que ondas de radio? ¿De dónde salió esa idea?
- Si te pones a ver, se conectan. Si te pones a ver, tiene que ver con el mar también. Eso lo empecé recordando como nos subíamos a la azotea con un radio FM a tratar de sintonizar las emisoras que venían de afuera, ese afuera de la isla, el afuera capitalista. Y no era fácil, nos subíamos como cinco socios con libretas a tratar sintonizar la FM y de copiar el hit parade y a tratar de copiar las canciones en inglés, imagínate, todo eso a mano, un ejercicio brutal.
- ¿Era la WIFI de la época?
-Claro, era la WIFI de la época, la conexión con el mundo.

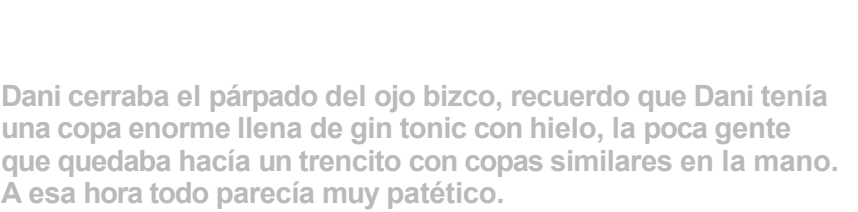


Esa noche, lo recuerdo bien, Diango se había ido temprano porque al otro día se inauguraba su exposición en *Arsenal Habana*, la primera que hacía en Cuba luego de mucho tiempo. Yo me había quedado ahí en el penthouse con mi amigo Dani Moreira, recuerdo que estábamos hablando de lo raro que era para nosotros ver ondear la bandera americana en la embajada. Dani vivía en Inglaterra, venía a Cuba de vez en cuando y tenía una agencia de publicidad. Se ponía bizco cuando tomaba, o cuando se excitaba, no he visto ese tipo de bizquera en ninguna otra persona. Esa noche Dani estaba muy borracho y tenía el ojo ese flotando.

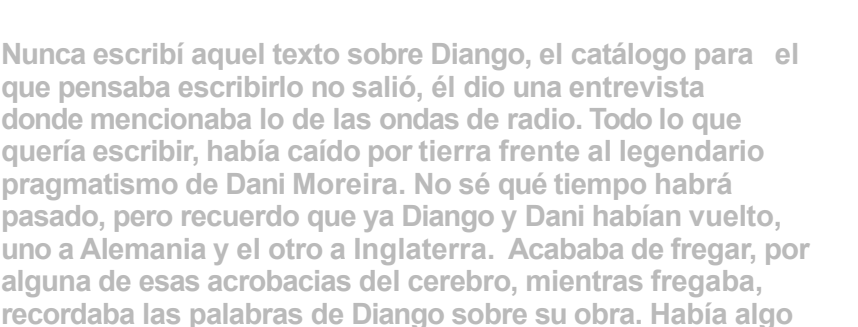


- ¿Tú sabes qué es lo que les pasa a ustedes los cubanos? (Dijo así, ustedes) Ustedes se creen que esta isla es un continente, ustedes se creen que son un continente que está cerca de Latinoamérica y cerca de los Estados Unidos, ninguno de ustedes se siente otra cosa que cubano. Mira, yo

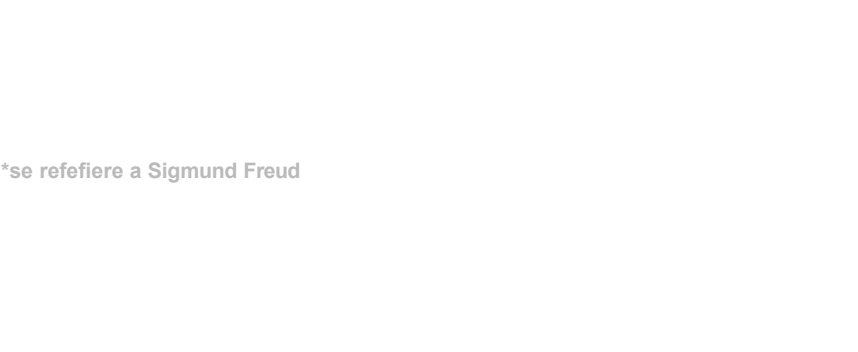
venía en el avión y miraba hacia abajo y veía la isla... ¡Una puta isla en medio del mar! Eso es lo que son ustedes, más nada. Ustedes son como un perrito pekinés que se cree más grande de lo que es y se la pasa ladrando a todos... complejo de Napoleón ¿Tú sabes lo más subdesarrollado que tiene el arte cubano? La narratividad, el arte cubano entero es narrativo, incluyéndote a ti. Todo el mundo quiere tener una gran historia detrás. Diango sabe qué color poner al lado de otro y ya, le queda bien, el naranja pega con el azul, lo sabe hacer, sabe componer, es una artista que además estudió diseño. Todo eso de la onda del color y la onda de la luz y las ondas de radio y Blinky Palermo y la escuela de Düsseldorf y Sigmar Polke y Keith Haring y las *Aguas Territoriales* de Martínez Pedro y la acuosidad de Amelia Peláez y todas esas referencias que la gente busca, la serialidad del diseño... muela. Diango es diferente porque no es narrativo, no le tiene miedo a no narrar. No le teme a la insoportable levedad del no ser.



Dani cerraba el párpado del ojo bizco, recuerdo que Dani tenía una copa enorme llena de gin tonic con hielo, la poca gente que quedaba hacía un trencito con copas similares en la mano. A esa hora todo parecía muy patético.



-Muela, complejo de Napoleón, una puta isla en medio del mar, y ya, mas ná, ha tenido éxito porque ha sabido hacerlo. No tiene el miedo ese que tienen los artistas cubanos a no ser profundo, político, a no tener un pensamiento oculto, una verdad Froidiana.*



Nunca escribí aquel texto sobre Diango, el catálogo para el que pensaba escribirlo no salió, él dio una entrevista donde mencionaba lo de las ondas de radio. Todo lo que quería escribir, había caído por tierra frente al legendario pragmatismo de Dani Moreira. No sé qué tiempo habrá pasado, pero recuerdo que ya Diango y Dani habían vuelto, uno a Alemania y el otro a Inglaterra. Acababa de fregar, por alguna de esas acrobacias del cerebro, mientras fregaba, recordaba las palabras de Diango sobre su obra. Había algo en la obra de Diango que me era muy familiar, algo que no se explicaba sólo con las ondas de radio, algo que iba más allá del discurso pragmático de Dani. Salí al balcón, miré hacia el patio de mi edificio y tuve lo que se pude catalogar como una revelación: mi ciudad mental, que es la franja de la ciudad donde uno se ha movido mayormente, estaba llena de diangos, de olas escondidas, de secretas ondulaciones acuosas, llena del mar que, si bien no era negado, tampoco era exhibido del todo, abrazado del todo. Ahí, en el centro del patio, estaba el gesto de la ola. Estaba en las aceras rotas del *boulevard de San Rafael*, en las de *Neptuno*, en el *Parque Martí*, en el interior del *Café-Teatro Bertold Brecht*, en las balconaduras de los edificios, en los arcos del *Club del Náutico*, en las paredes de los conventos repletas de corales, en las casas de arquitectura modernista. Mi ciudad mental de infancia era la misma ciudad mental de Diango. Dani Moreira tenía razón, mi subdesarrollo buscaba siempre una verdad oculta, un Froi* de cafetería. El gesto de la ola era para mí el *Strawberry fields forever* de Diango, o mejor, el *Rosebud del ciudadano Kane*. Desde entonces tengo esa malformación profesional, voy buscando el gesto de la ola en la ciudad, los Diangos escondidos.

*se refiere a Sigmund Freud

LIST OF WORKS

17
Waterfall Renacer, 2021
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

19
Waterfall Nadie, 2021
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

21
Waterfall Mariposa, 2021
Oil on canvas
45 x 45 cm
Private collection

23
Waterfall Puerta, 2021
Oil on canvas
80 x 60 cm

25
Waterfall Silencio, 2021
Oil on canvas
50 x 50 cm
Private collection

27
Waterfall Premonición,
2021
Oil on canvas
55 x 40 cm
Private collection

29
Waterfall Bajando, 2021
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm

31
Waterfall Baile, 2021
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

33
Waterfall Flores, 2021
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

35
Waterfall Celia 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

37
Waterfall Vilma, 2022
Oil on canvas
55 x 50 cm
Private collection

39
Waterfall Madre, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

45
Bañista, 2022
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

47
Carmen, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm

49
Floresia, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm

51
Flores de domingo, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

55
Bañistas Pequeños, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

57
Lo Bello, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm
Private collection

59
Ofelia, 2022
Oil on canvas
45 x 60 cm

61
Dormido, 2022
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

63
Ofrenda (I), 2023
Oil on canvas
119 x 90 cm

65
Ofrenda (II), 2023
Oil on canvas
119 x 90 cm

67
Ofrenda (III), 2023
Oil on canvas
119 x 90 cm

69
Elena, 2023
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

71
Fortunata, 2023
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

73
La Giraldilla, 2023
Oil on canvas
65 x 50 cm
Private collection

75
Contemplación, 2022
Oil on canvas
60 x 50 cm

77
Flores, 2023
Oil on canvas
180 x 140 cm
Private collection

79
Darlene, 2023
Oil on canvas
70 x 60 cm

81
Patricia, 2023
Oil on canvas
70 x 50 cm

83
Katerina, 2023
Oil on canvas
70 x 50 cm

85
Alejandra, 2023
Oil on canvas
70 x 60 cm

87
Vida, 2023
Oil on canvas
70 x 60 cm

89
Marba, 2023
Oil on canvas
99 x 74 cm

91
Rencuentro, 2023
Oil on canvas
99 x 74 cm

93
Nadia, 2023
Oil on canvas
99 x 74 cm

94 / 95
Palabras Mojadas
(contrarrevoluciones),
2022
Unique Work
Powder coated steel
69 x 50 x 20 cm
Private collection

97
Palabras Mojadas
(cabeza), 2022
Unique Work
Powder coated steel
69 x 50 x 20 cm

BIOGRAPHY

DIANGO HERNÁNDEZ

1970 Born in Sancti Spíritus, Cuba

Lives and works between

Düsseldorf and Havana



Diango Hernández, Milan, 2023

Diango Hernández in the early 1990s amid the economic crisis triggered by the fall of the Soviet Union participated in various collective initiatives as part of the Cuban cultural scene. Hernández co-founded together with Francis Acea Ordo Amoris Cabinet. Also known as OAC, the artistic duo rapidly gained recognition exhibiting throughout Europe and North America. In the early 2000s he moved to Europe, where he continued to produce artworks that have made him one of the leading heirs of the American conceptual legacy.

In (2009) Hernández was awarded with The Rubens Award for his outstanding contribution to the field of art. His works have been exhibited around the world and explore themes such as cultural identity and the impact of politics on everyday life. The Rubens Award is considered one of the highest honors in the art world and recognizes artists who have made a significant impact on the industry through their artistry and creativity.

His work was the subject of solo exhibitions at the Kunsthalle, Basel (2006) and the Neuer Aachener Kunstverein (2007). His work was exhibited in the Arsenal as part of the 51st Venice Biennale and the Biennale of Sydney and the São Paulo Biennial, both in (2006). His work was the subject of a critically acclaimed exhibition of new work, “Losing You Tonight,” at the Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Siegen (2009) and in (2010) two installations were included in “The New Décor” at the Hayward Gallery, London. A survey exhibition of his work took place at Museo D’Arte Moderna e Contemporanea (MART) in Rovereto in (2011-12). In (2013), Marlborough Contemporary, London presented a solo exhibition of his work “The New Man and the New Woman.” His work was the subject of a solo exhibition “Socialist Nature” in (2014) at Landesgalerie, Linz. Hernández has had solo exhibitions at Marlborough Contemporary, London and the Kunsthalle Munster in (2015). In (2016), a solo exhibition of Hernández’s work, titled “Theoretical Beach,” took place at the Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen.

AWARDS AND RESIDENCIES
2016 Diango Hernández and Anne Pöhlmann (as Lonelyfingers), Artist-in-residence at MHKA, Museum of Contemporary Art Antwerp, Belgium 2014 Artist-in-residence at Salzamt, Linz, Austria
2013 Germany’s ‘Best special exhibition of the year’ for ‘lonelyfingers-Konversationsstücke’ at Museum Abteiberg. AICA, Germany (International Association of Art Critics)
2012 Premio Rotary Club, MIART, Milan
2012 Artist-in-residence, Fondazione Brodbeck, Catania
2010 Artist-in-residence, Blood Mountain Foundation, Budapest

2008 Rubens-Förderpreis, Museum für Gegenwartskunst Siegen, Siegen 2007 Premio Icona, Verona
2007 Artist-in-residence, Frac des Pays de la Loire, Carquefou 2005 Artist-in-residence, Museum Abteiberg, Mönchengladbach 2001 Artist-in-residence, Artpace Foundation, San Antonio
1998 Artist-in-residence, Ludwig Forum für Internationale Kunst, Aachen, 1997 Artist-in-residence, Apocalypso. Banff Centre for the Arts, Banff

SELECTED PUBLIC COLLECTIONS
Museum Abteiberg, Mönchengladbach, Germany | The Museum of Modern Art, NYC, US | Bundeskunsthalle, Bonn, Germany | Ludwig Museum, Cologne, Germany | PAMM, Miami, US | Jorge Perez Collection, Miami, US | Artpace, San Antonio, US | Museum of Fine Art Huston, Huston, US | Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen, Germany | Kunstsammlung des Landes Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany | INHOTIM, Centro de Arte Contemporânea, Belo Horizonte, Brazil | PHILARA Collection, Düsseldorf, Germany | MART Museo di Arte Moderna e Contemporanea di Trento e Rovereto, Italy | CAB de Burgos, Burgos, Spain | Frac des Pays de la Loire, Carquefou, France | Kunstmuseum Liechtenstein, Vaduz, Liechtenstein | Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Siegen, Germany | Rheingold Collection, Düsseldorf, Germany | Sammlung zeitgenössischer Kunst der Bundesrepublik Deutschland, Germany | Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, (MUSC), Spain | Colección Berge, Madrid, Spain

TEACHING EXPERIENCES
Since 1995 Diango Hernández has given numerous artist talks and has participated in symposiums and lectures in many international art institutions such as Artpace San Antonio, Ludwig Foundation Havana, Or Gallery Vancouver, Porta 33 Madeira, Banff Centre for The Arts Alberta, Barbican Center London, Museum Morsbroich Leverkusen, Neuer Aachener Kunstverein, Museum Abteiberg Mönchengladbach, The University of British Columbia Vancouver, etc. Hernández was teaching for 3 years at Mobile Home (Escola de Arte Nómada, Experimental e Independente), an international independent summer academy in Portugal, founded by Portuguese curator Nuno Faria

COLLABORATION EXPERIENCES
1994-2003 Ordo Amoris Cabinet together with Juan Bernal (until 1995) / Manuel Piña (until 1995) / Ernesto Oroza (until 1996) / Francis Acea (until 2003)
2007-2010 Sun State together with Mouse on Mars (Jan St. Werner and Andi Toma) 2012- Lonelyfingers together with Anne Pöhlmann

SOLO EXHIBITIONS
2022
Olaismo, Wizard Gallery, Milan
Bathers, (curated by Adam Budak) Kestner Gesellschaft, Hannover 2021
Instopia, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin
Iniciales y nombres completos, Casado Santapau, Madrid
Messaggio inviato, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Trento 2019
Diango Hernández and Fernando Bryce at ‘Dialogos’ ARCO, Madrid presented by Galerie Barbara Thumm
Rebel Standing, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin
2018
Salvavidas, Arsenal Havana, Havana Casacadas, Galería Casado Santapau, Madrid
Eras Imaginarias, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin
Diango Hernández and André Parente at ‘Dialogos’ ARCO Madrid presented by Jaqueline Martins
2017
Her Holidays, Nicolas Krupp Gallery, Basel
Diango Hernández and Victor Grippo at ‘Dialogos’ ARCO Madrid presented by Alexander and Bonin
Sobre las olas, (curated by Meike Behm) Kunsthalle Lingen, Lingen
Amor Amor, Van Horn, Düsseldorf
2016
Beach, a longing, (curated by Susanne Meyer-Büser) Kunstsammlung NRW, Düsseldorf
Diango Hernández and Antonio Pucar at ARCO Madrid presented by Galerie Barbara Thumm
Hurricanes, Federico Luger Gallery, Milan
Marina, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin
Theoretical Beach, (curated by Stefanie Kreuzer) Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen 2015
Time Islands and Space Islands, (curated by Alfredo Cramerotti) MOSTYN, Cymru, Wales
Words to sea, (curated by Gianni Jetzer) UNLIMITED, ArtBasel with Marlborough Contemporary, London / Alexander and Bonin, NY / Barbara Thumm, Berlin / Nicolas Krupp, Basel
Eugene, Kunsthalle Münster
The book of waves, Marlborough Contemporary, London
Layout for Flavor Orbit and Orange Curtain, (curated by Jacopo Crivelli Visconti) SP-ARTE, São Paulo with Galerie Barbara Thumm
2014
By all means I am here, (curated by Katerina Gregos) Solo, Art Brussels with Marlborough Contemporary
Circling in loop, (curated by Delfim Sardo) Solo, Est Art Fair, Estoril with Marlborough Contemporary
In hazard, translated, (curated by Simone Neuenschwander) Kunstverein Nürnberg
Socialist nature, (curated by Gerhard Obermüller) Landesgalerie, Linz

2013
Komplette zimmer, Capitain Petzel, Berlin
The importance of a line, (curated by Nuno Faria), Porta 33, Madeira
The new man and the new woman, Marlborough Contemporary, London
The editionx, dh artworks, Düsseldorf
2012
The stamps that never travelled and the birds that never flew, Benveniste Contemporary, ARCO, Madrid
Folded tiger, Philara, Sammlung zeitgenössischer Kunst, Düsseldorf
Drawing the human figure, (curated by Nuno Faria) Fondazione Brodbeck, Catania 2011
Lonely fingers, (curated by Georg Elben) Skulpturenmuseum Glaskasten Marl
Diango Hernández. Living rooms, a survey, (curated by Yilmaz Dziewior) MART, Rovereto
Crystal clear, Nicolas Krupp Contemporary Art, Basel
If I send you this, Alexander and Bonin, NYC
Line dreamers, Haus im Süden, Cologne
The stamps that never travelled and the birds that never flew, Benveniste Contemporary, Madrid
2010
A kiss, a hat, a stamp, Blood Mountain Foundation, Budapest
Museums: Selected works 1996 – 2010, Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer, Cologne 2009
Losing you tonight: Flying memories, FIAC, Paris. Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer Losing you tonight, (curated by Eva Schmidt) Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Siegen
Define gravity. Sun State #3, in collaboration with Mouse on Mars, Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer, Cologne
Giardino tropicale, Artissima, Turin. Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery La historia, mi juguete preferido, Pepe Cobo y Cia, Madrid
Th-ink, Alexander and Bonin, NYC
El manual del tractorista arrependido, (curated by Adriano Pedrosa) Zona Maco, Mexico City. Alexander and Bonin
It is also my history, ArtCologne, Cologne. Pepe Cobo y Cia
Building beyond success, in collaboration with Anne Pöhlmann, Clages, Cologne 2008
Inspire me, again, Stella Lohaus Gallery, Antwerp
Diamonds and stones: My education, Federico Luger Gallery, Milan
Out-of-place artifacts (OOPArt), Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer, Cologne / Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin
2007
Objects of ridicule, Alexander and Bonin, NYC
Victoria, -together with Andrzej Wróblewski- (curated by Joanna Kordjak) National Museum, Warsaw
Swans without a lake, (curated by Melanie Bono) Neuer Aachener Kunstverein NAK, Aachen
The fruit of evil, ArtBasel Miami Beach. Galeria Pepe Cobo
Mother the future was a political lie..., ArtCologne. Galerie Frehrking Wiesehöfer
Power pencil, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Rovereto
2006
Dictators, Galerie Frehrking Wiesehöfer, Cologne
The factory of silence, -together with Andi Toma- National Bank of, Düsseldorf
Traitors, Galeria Pepe Cobo, Madrid
Spies, Alexander and Bonin, NYC
Revolution, (curated by Adam Szymczyk and Simone Neuenschwander) Kunsthalle Basel, Basel
2005
The museum of capitalism, (curated by Susanne Titz) Altes Museum / Museum Abteiberg, Mönchengladbach
Waiting, ArtForum, Berlin. Galerie Frehrking Wiesehöfer
Palabras, Galeria Pepe Cobo – Arco Art Fair, Madrid
Revantgarde, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Rovereto 2004
Democracy, -together with Boris Michailov- (curated by Dagmar Behr) Kunstverein Arnsberg, Arnsberg
Amateur, (curated by Rutger Wolfson) De Vleeshal, Middelburg 2003
Amateur, Galerie Frehrking Wiesehöfer, Cologne
2002
Sweet home, Espacio Aglutinador, Havana
2001
Mousepads and screensavers, (curated by Cuauhtemoc Medina) ArtPace, San Antonio
Network transmission, – Summer days, Galerie Adamski Frehrking Wiesehöfer, Cologne 1999
Esta cerca es provisional: Evite ser requerido, Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales, Havana
1997
Hiking Raffle, Banff Centre for the Arts, Alberta
Hormigón armado, Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales, Havana 1996
Agua con azúcar y La muestra provisional, (curated by Helmo Hernández) Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales, Havana / Museo de Arte Contemporáneo y Diseño (MACD), San José
Para saber quien soy, Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales, Havana 1995
Bésame Habana, Centro de Arte y Diseño, Havana

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

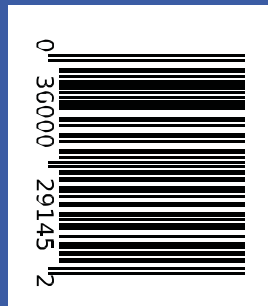
2022
Cómo la caña, Factoría Diseño, Havana, Cuba | 14 Bial de La Havana, Havana, Cuba 2019
La Habana, Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, Havana, Cuba | Konkrete Gegenwart, Haus Konstruktiv, Zurich, Switzerland | Realität Check, Kunstraum Potsdam c/o Waschhaus, Potsdam, Germany

2018
Condo, The breeder gallery, Athens, Greece | Otro amanecer en el trópico, Reinbeckhallen, Berlin, Germany | Zwanzig, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin, Germany | Lilia & Tulipan, Kunsthalle Lingen, Lingen, Germany
2017
Made in Germany III -together with Anne Pöhlmann as lonelyfingers (curated by Christina Végh) Kestnergesellschaft, Hanover, Germany | Who Pays?, Kunstmuseum Liechtenstein, Vaduz | Your Story! Geschichten von Flucht und Migration, Kunsthalle Emden, Germany | Luther and The Avant-Garde, Wittenberg, Germany | Two Destinations -together with Anne Pöhlmann (curated by Oriane Durand) Dortmunder Kunstverein, Dortmund, Germany
| Kunst x Kuba, Zeitgenössische Positionen seit 1989 (curated by Andreas Beitlin and Antonio Eligio (Tonel)) Ludwig Forum, Aachen, Germany | Exit (curated by Adam Carr) Rodolphe Janssen Gallery, Brussels, Belgium 2016
Maps of you -together with Anne Pöhlmann as lonelyfingers (curated by Nav Haq) M HKA, Antwerp, Belgium | We call it Ludwig (curated by Yilmaz Dziewior) Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Germany | Only in the western world (curated by Luigi Fassi) Mario Mauroner Contemporary Art, Vienna, Austria
| Relevant notes, Cara Gallery, NY, US | Kaleidoscope And Puzzles, Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno CAAM (curated by Wendy Navarro) Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, Canary Islands | Transhumance, CAB (curated by Sara Alonso Gómez) Brussels, Belgium | This Is Your Replacement, Sies + Höke (curated by Adam Carr) Düsseldorf, Germany | Tropical Punch, Nathalie Halgand Gallery (curated by Keenon Magazine) Vienna, Austria | Gruppenbild, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin, Germany
2015
La Correzione del futuro, Galleria Allegra Ravizza Llandudno, Lugano, Italy | War II, MOSTYN (curated by Adam Carr) Llandudno, Wales, UK | 1St Trio Biennial, (curated by Marcus de Lontra Costa) Rio de Janeiro, Brazil | El péndulo de Foucault, (curated by Alejandro Machado) 12 Bial de la Havana, Havana, Cuba | The Rates of Exchange, Museum of Contemporary Art Zagreb, Croatia | Piano pieces, Salzburg Museum, Salzburg, Austria | I never thought I'd see you again. Painting History, Marlborough Contemporary, London, UK
| Birds, plants and a chair, Kadel Willborn, Düsseldorf, Germany | A drawing show, Nicolas Krupp, Basel, Switzerland
2014
Entorno crítico, CAB de Burgos, Spain | Summerstage, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin, Germany | New paintings, Alexander and Bonin, NYC, US | Bringing light into a windowless room, Capitain Petzel, Berlin, Germany | Power of chi, SPREEZ e.V., Munich, Germany | Salon distingué – Household effects in good company, (curated by Nadia Schneider Willen) Museum Langmatt, Baden, Switzerland | The marvellous real, (curated by Kristine Guzmán, Yuko Hasegawa and Hikari Odaka) Museum of Contemporary Art, Tokyo, Japan | Beyond the supersquare, (curated by Holly Block) Bronx Museum, NY, US | International Biennial of Contemporary Art of Cartagena de Indias, (curated by Berta Sichel) Cartagena, Colombia
2013
HERstories, (curated by Christina Végh and Fanny Gonella) Bonner Kunstverein, Bonn, Germany | Six memos for the next ..., (curated by Wolfgang Fetz, Jörg van den Berg, Sandra Boeschenstein, Barbara Köhler, Schirin Kretschmann and Tilo Schulz) Magazin4 Bregenzer Kunstverein, Bregenz, Austria | Misunderstandings and other circumstances, (curated by Anna Heidenhain and Kristina Kramer) Polistar, Istanbul, Turkey | The marvellous real, (curated by Kristine Guzmán, Yuko Hasegawa and Hikari Odaka) MUSC, Leon, Spain | Lessons of darkness, (curated by Nuno Faria) José De Guimarães International Centre For The Arts, Guimarães, Portugal
| lonelyfingers. Konversationsstücke, (curated by SUSnne Titz) Museum Abteiberg, Mönchengladbach, Germany | The Feverish Library, Capitain Petzel, Berlin, Germany | Arqueológica, (curated by Virginia Torrente) Matadero, Madrid, Spain | Triennale der Kleinplastik in Fellbach, (curated by Yilmaz Dziewior) Fellbach, Germany | Politics: I do not like it, but it likes me, (curated by Agnieszka Kulazinska and Dermis P. León) LAZNIA Centre for Contemporary Art, Poland
2012
Newtopia: The State of Human Rights, (curated by Katerina Gregos) Mechelen, Belgium | Chaotic trajectories, (curated by Thomas Rehbein) Temporary Gallery, Cologne, Germany | The castle in the air. Séance of Imagination, (curated by Adam Budak) Poznan, Poland
2011
Sammlung im Prozess, (curated by Georg Elben) Skulpturenmuseum Glaskasten Marl, Marl, Germany | Hans hat Glück, Castle Gandegg, Appiano, Italy | The silver show, NAK, Aachen, Germany | Entropia, Philara – Sammlung zeitgenössischer Kunst, Düsseldorf, Germany | DC Bonus, Galerie Schmidt Maczollek / Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer / Galerie Thomas Zander, Forum für Fotografie, Cologne, Germany | New Space, Federico Luger, Milan, Italy
| Colors for a new home, Signs of love and other paintings, Alexander and Bonin, NY, US | Fronteras en mutación, en tránsito of Bridges and Borders, (fase III) CCEBA, Centro Cultural de España en Buenos Aires, Argentina
| Local host, (International artists in – from NRW) Ausstellungshalle Zeitgenössische Kunst, Münster | Tracks, Kunstmuseum Liechtenstein, Liechtenstein | Drawings wall, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Rovereto, Italy 2010
Neues Rheinland. Die Postironische Generation, (curated by Stefanie Kreuzer) Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen, Germany | Fiona Banner-Marcus Becker-Diango Hernández, Galerie Barbara Thumm, Berlin, Germany | 4 on paper, Alexander and Bonin NY, US | Face to face, Pepe Cobo y Cia, Madrid, Spain | Touched The 10th Liverpool Biennial, (curated by Peter Gorschlüter) Tate Liverpool, UK | The new décor, (curated by Ralph Rudolf) Hayward Gallery, London, UK / Garage CCC, Moscow, Russia | Star city, (curated by

Alex Farquharson) Nottingham Contemporary, Nottingham, UK | Who wants to use my window?, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Rovereto, Italy | Goldene Zeiten, (curated by Patrizia Dander and Julienne Lorz) Haus der Kunst, Munich, Germany
| Modelos para armar: Thinking Latin America from the MUSC collection, MUSC, León, Spain | A philosophical enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the fear and terror, (curated by Helmut Friedel and Giovanni Iovane) Galleria Gentili, Prato, Italy | Languages and experimentations, MART, Rovereto, Italy | Larger than life stranger than fiction, (curated by Ulrike Groos) 11th Triennale der Kleinplastik Fellbach, Stuttgart, Germany
2009
Ordinary revolutions, (curated by Stefanie Kreuzer) Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen, Germany | Das Gespinst, (curated by Wilhelm Schürmann) Museum Abteiberg, Mönchengladbach, Germany | Performa 09, (curated by Lara Pan) NY, US | Danielle Kawaaitaal and Diango Hernández, Monkeys Island, Cologne, Germany | Precarious Form, Galerie Meyer Kainer (curated by Veit Loers) Vienna, Austria | ev + a 2009, Reading the city, (curated by Yilmaz Dziewior and Angelika Nollert) Limerick City, Ireland | Cambio de aceite, Pepe Cobo y Cia, Madrid, Spain 2008
Kongress der Futurologen, (curated by Thomas Neumann) ICA Dunaujvaros, Hungary | Arise! ye starvelings..., (curated by Meri Cremin) Pallas Contemporary Projects, Dublin, Ireland | Articulações, (curated by Nuno Faria) Fábrica da Cerveja, Faro, Portugal | Baghdad – space – analyst, (curated by Andrew Renton) Frith Street Gallery, London, UK | Wessen Geschichte, (curated by Yilmaz Dziewior) Kunstverein Hamburg, Germany | On air, -together with Michalis Nicolaidis- (curated by Huh jung-en) Künstlerverein Malkasten, Düsseldorf, Germany
2007
Atlante Latinoamericano, (curated by Antonio Arevalo) Centro de las Artes CONOARTE, Monterrey, Mexico | XXle Ateliers internationaux, (curated by Laurence Gateau) Frac des Pays de la Loire, Carquefou, France | Made in Germany, (curated by Martin Engler) Kunstverein Hannover, Hannover, Germany
| Bei Freunden zu Gast, Stella Lohaus Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium | Love and Cables, Nüans, Düsseldorf, Germany | Domestic irony, a curious glance on private Italian collections, MUSEION, Bolzano, Italy | Como vivir juntos, Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Santiago de Chile, Chile | Que pasa con las rosas, Galeria Pepe Cobo, Madrid, Spain | Parcours interdit, (curated by Markus Ambach) Malkasten Park, Düsseldorf, Germany 2006
The square root of a drawing, (curated by Noel Kelly) Temple Bar Gallery, Dublin, Ireland | The Unhomely: Phantom Scenes in a Global Society, (curated by Okwui Enwezor) 2nd Seville Biennial, Seville, Spain | Como vivir juntos, 27th Bial de São Paulo (curated by Lisette Lagnado and Ulrike Groos) São Paulo, Brazil | Zones of Contact, 15th Biennale of Sydney (curated by Charles Merewether) Sydney, Australia | Biennale Cuvée, O.K. Centrum für Gegenwartskunst, Linz, Austria | Out of the blue, Federico Luger Gallery, Milano, Italy | Re: Location, Alexander and Bonin, NY, US
2005
Always a little further, (curated by Rosa Martínez) Arsenale, 51st Biennale di Venezia, Venice, Italy | Lichtkunst aus Kunstlicht, (curated by Gregor Jansen) ZKM, Museum für Neue Kunst, Karlsruhe, Germany | Roboter, Opelvillen, Rüsselsheim, Germany | Biwak, Galerie Frehrking Wiesehöfer, Cologne, Germany
| Opening, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery, Rovereto, Italy | Nuovo Segnale, Federico Luger Gallery, Milano, Italy
2004
Flesh at war with enigma, (curated by Anke Kempkes) Kunsthalle Basel, Switzerland | doku-fiction. Mouse on Mars – reviewed and remixed, (curated by Peter Gorschlüter) Kunsthalle Düsseldorf, Düsseldorf, Germany | In Ictu Oculi, Galeria Pepe Cobo, Seville, Spain | Wildlife 04 final, (curated by Markus Ambach) Sommerpalast, Neuss, Germany | Bookies, M29 Brückner + Richter, Cologne, Germany | Miedo-Fear, Galeria Pepe Cobo, Seville, Spain | With Eyes of Stone and Water, (curated by Malin Barth) Gallery 3.14, Bergen, Norway
2003
8va Bial de la Habana, Centro Wilfredo Lam, Havana, Cuba | Stretch, (curated by Eugenio Valdés and Keith Wallace) Power Plant, Toronto, Canada
2002
Prophets of boom. The Schürmann Collection, Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Baden, Germany | With eyes of stone and water, (curated by Malin Barth) Helsinki Art Museum, Helsinki, Finland | Atravesados. Deslizamientos de identidades y géneros, Fundación Telefónica, Madrid, Spain | FITAC. VIII Foro Sobre Teoría del Arte Contemporáneo, (curated by Cuauhtémoc Medina) Monterrey, México | La Huella Múltiple, Centro de Desarrollo de las Artes Visuales, Havana, Cuba
2001
Short stories, (curated by Roberto Pinto, Eugenio Valdés) La Fabrica del Vapore, Milano, Italy | Un día como otro cualquiera | A day like any other day, 7ma Bial de la Habana, Havana, Cuba | I am Cuba-Double play, (curated by Eugenio Valdes) 1st Tirana Biennale, Tirana, Albania
2000
La conjunción de la nada, Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales, Havana, Cuba 1999
CUBA, present!, Barbican Centre, London, UK | Thinking Aloud, (curated by Richard Wentworth) Camden Art Centre, London, UK
1998
Provisional Utopias, (curated by Wolfgang Becker, Annette Lagler and Helmo Hernández) Ludwig Forum für Internationale Kunst, Aachen, Germany / Kunsthaus, Berlin, Germany | 1er Salon de Arte Cubano Contemporáneo, Centro de Desarrollo de Las Artes Visuales / Centro de Arte Contemporáneo Wilfredo Lam / CENCREM / Fototeca de Cuba, Havana, Cuba | Thinking Aloud, (curated by Richard Wentworth) Hayward Gallery, London | Kettle's Yard, Cambridge / Cornerhouse, Manchester, UK | Entropy at home, Suermondt-Ludwig Museum, Aachen, Germany | The Campaign Against Living Miserably, Royal College of Art, London, UK

1997
The Russian mountain, III Manifestation Internationale Vidéo et Art Électronique, Montreal, Canada | Rompiendo los moldes, (curated by Omar Pascual Castillo) Taller de Serigrafía Rene Portocarrero, 6ta Bial de La Habana, Havana, Cuba 1996
Ultimas noticias, (curated by Juan A. Molina) Galería de Arte de Matanzas, Matanzas, Cuba
1995
Una de cada clase. The next generation show, (curated by José Menéndez and Helmo Hernández) Centro de Arte y Diseño, Havana, Cuba

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY (SOLO EXHIBITION CATALOGUES AND ARTIST'S BOOKS)
Diango Hernández Theoretical Beach Publisher: Distanz Verlag Editors: Stefanie Kreuzer ISBN: 978-3-95476-161-6 | The Book of Waves Publisher: Marlborough Contemporary Editor: Andrew Renton ISBN: 978-1-909693-14-2 Socialist Nature Publisher: Distanz Verlag Editor: Landesgalerie, Linz ISBN 978-3-95476-085-5 | The New Man and The New Woman Publisher: Marlborough Contemporary, London Editor: Andrew Renton ISBN ISBN 978-1-909693-04-3 | Lonely Fingers Publisher: Distanz Verlag Editor: Georg Elbe ISBN 978-3-942405-73-7 | H (home) Publisher and Distributor: Alexander and Bonin Publishing, Inc. NYC | Diango Hernández. Living Rooms, a Survey Publisher: Silvana Editoriale Spa. Editor: Edited by MaRT, Museo di Arte Moderna e Contemporanea di Trento e Roverto and Yilmaz Dziewior ISBN-13: 978-8836622115 | A kiss, a hat, a stamp Publisher: Distanz Verlag Editor: Blood Mountain Foundation (Jade Niklai) ISBN 978-3-942405-28-7 | out-of-place artifacts (OOPArt) Diango Hernández Publisher: Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer and Galerie Barbara Thumm | Losing You Tonight Publisher: Sternberg Press Editor: Eva Schmidt, Museum für Gegenwartskunst Siegen ISBN 978-1-933128-80-1 | Diamonds and Stones: My Education Publisher: Damiani Editor: Eva Schmidt, Museum für Gegenwartskunst Siegen ISBN 978 88 6208 080 4 | Swans Without a Lake Publisher: NAK – Neuer Aachener Kunstverein, 2007 Edited by Melanie Bono ASIN: B00JW3WO28 | The Museum of Capitalism Publisher: Revolver Editor: Städtisches Museum Abteiberg / altes Museum, BIS-Zentrum, Mönchengladbach ISBN 978-3-86588- 183-0 | Revangarde Publisher: Sternberg Press Editor: Anke Kempkes, Paolo Maria Deanesi Gallery ISBN 978-1-933128-07-8



Diango Hernández in the early 1990s amid the economic crisis triggered by the fall of the Soviet Union participated in various collective initiatives as part of the Cuban cultural scene. Hernández co-founded together with Francis Acea Ordo Amoris Cabinet. Also known as OAC, the artistic duo rapidly gained recognition exhibiting throughout Europe and North America. In the early 2000s he moved to Europe, where he continued to produce artworks that have made him one of the leading heirs of the American conceptual legacy.

In (2009) Hernández was awarded with The Rubens Award for his outstanding contribution to the field of art. His works have been exhibited around the world and explore themes such as cultural identity and the impact of politics on everyday life. The Rubens Award is considered one of the highest honors in the art world and recognizes artists who have made a significant impact on the industry through their artistry and creativity.

His work was the subject of solo exhibitions at the Kunsthalle, Basel (2006) and the Neuer Aachener Kunstverein (2007). His work was exhibited in the Arsenale as part of the 51st Venice Biennale and the Biennale of Sydney and the São Paulo Biennial, both in (2006). His work was the subject of a critically acclaimed exhibition of new work, “Losing You Tonight,” at the Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Siegen (2009) and in (2010) two installations were included in “The New Décor” at the Hayward Gallery, London. A survey exhibition of his work took place at Museo D’Arte Moderna e Contemporanea (MART) in Rovereto in (2011-12). In (2013), Marlborough Contemporary, London presented a solo exhibition of his work “The New Man and the New Woman.” His work was the subject of a solo exhibition “Socialist Nature” in (2014) at Landesgalerie, Linz. Hernández has had solo exhibitions at Marlborough Contemporary, London and the Kunsthalle Munster in (2015). In (2016), a solo exhibition of Hernández’s work, titled “Theoretical Beach,” took place at the Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen.